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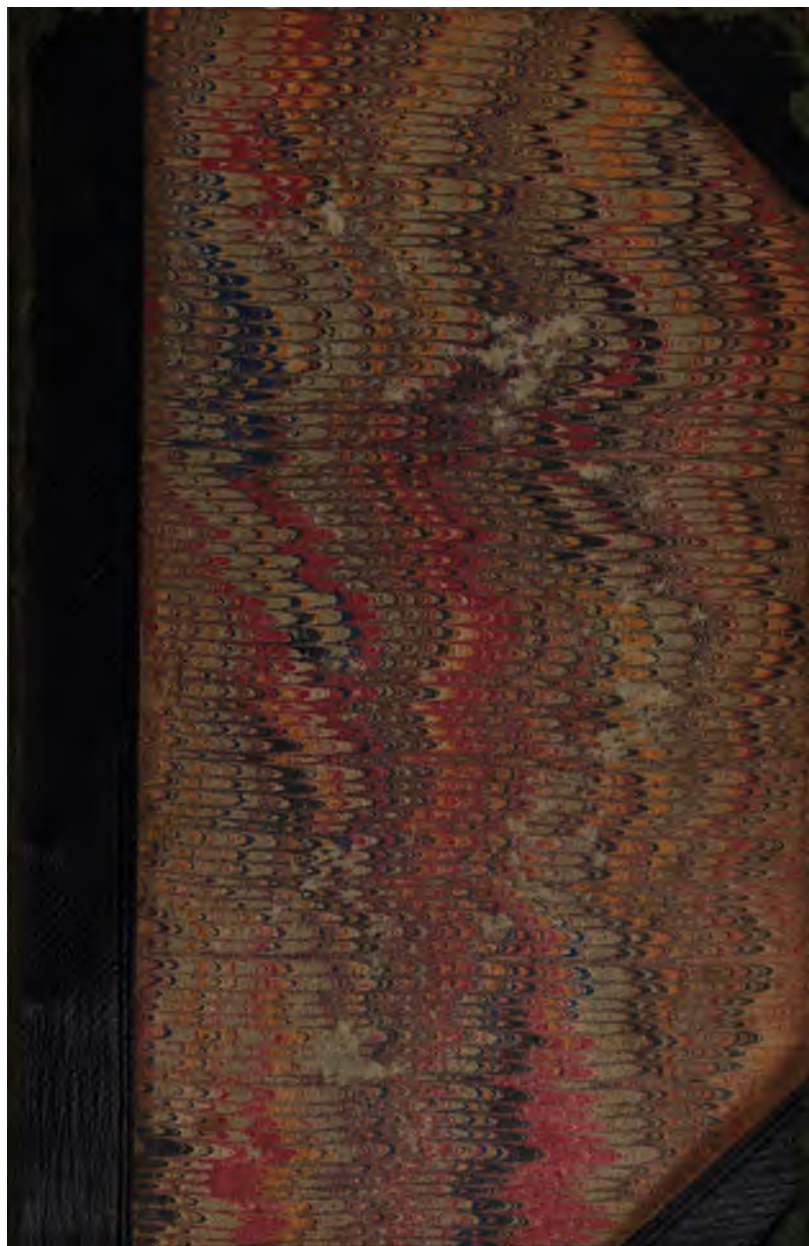
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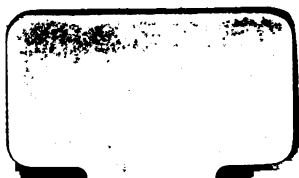
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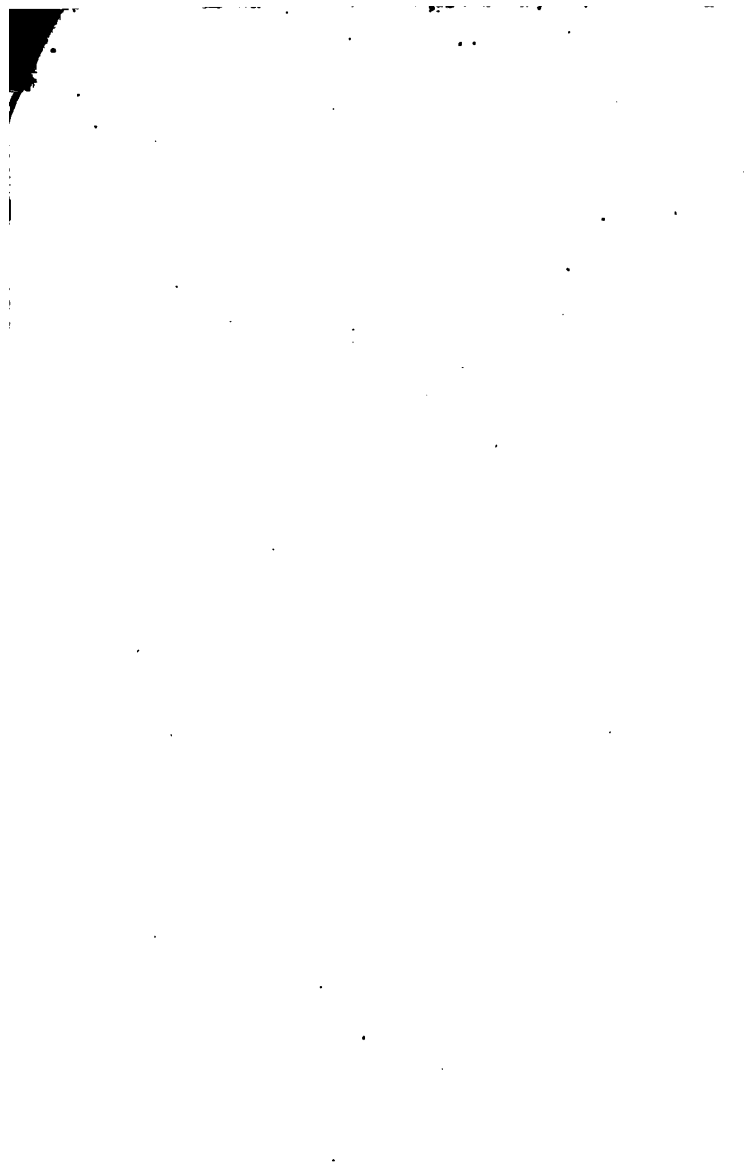
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THE
BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. XXXI.

THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XXXI.

PRIOR, VOL. II.

CHISWICK:

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COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
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1822.



THE
POEMS

OF

Matthew Prior.

VOL. II.

Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.



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POEMS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

EPISTLES.

to

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.¹

SIR,

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here Antichrist,
The Spanish King presents a jennet,
To show his love,—that's all that's in it ;
For if his Holiness would thump
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
He might be' equipp'd from his own stable
With one more white, and eke more able.

¹ This gentleman was one of the wits of Charles the Second's Court, and the author of several poems published in the miscellanies of that time: but he now is more creditably remembered as the patron of Prior.

Or as with gondolas and men his
Good Excellence, the Duke of Venice,
(I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the Gulf a ring ;
Which trick of state he wisely maintains
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance,
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold than he.

Or, not to rove and pump one's fancy
For Popish similes beyond sea,
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent,
Present a turkey or a hen
To those might better spare them ten ;
Even so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me a much better.

Then take it, sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect, and not show wit ;
Nor look askew at what it saith ;
There's no petition in it,—'faith.

Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why ;
But I conceive such folks are quite in
Mistakes, in theory of writing,
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head ;
I argue thus : The world agrees
That he writes well who writes with ease ;
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from heaven, like inward light ;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't ;

The god, not we, the poem makes ;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence when anatomists discourse
How like brutes' organs are to ours,
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit ;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.
Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal,
But 'twas the god, meanwhile, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging :
The wooden head resolved the question,
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know, and teach us
The god makes not the poet ; but
The thesis *vice-versâ* put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood,
And means, the poet makes the god.

Egyptian gardeners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to ;
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its panyety.

That when you poets swear and cry
The god inspires ; I rave, I die ;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the colic in your belly :
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise :
That jumbled words, if Fortune throw them,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem ;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms, dancing round the centre,
They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters should be spoke
By method, rather than by luck,
This may confine their younger styles
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's :
But never could be meant to tie
Authentic wits like you and I :

For as young children, who are tied in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding,
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer,
But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On horse call'd Hobby, or without ;
So when at school we first declaim,
Old Busby walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain ;
But when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate,
In verse or prose we write or chat,
Not sixpence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says,
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
Tonson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread to fill up chinks.

' Kind sir, I should be glad to see you ;
I hope you're well ; so God be wi' you ;'
Was all I thought at first to write ;
But things, since then, are alter'd quite ;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high,
So God knows when my clack will lie :

I must, sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my grannam I have gone,
When Lobb had sifted all his text,
And I well hoped the pudding next :
' Now to apply,' has plagued me more
Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion ; first, of her
Your friends do savoury things aver :
They say she's honest as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant, nor stumm'd with merit ;
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night ;
Of grace no doubt a certain sign,
When layman herds with man divine ;
For if their fame be justly great
Who would no Popish-nuncio treat ;
That his is greater we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios-Protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.

In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French ;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe ;
Are in no plots ; but fairly drive at
The public welfare in your private ;
And will, for England's glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy ;
And keep your places, till you die.

For me, whom wandering Fortune threw
From what I loved, the Town and you :

Let me just tell you how my time is
Past in a country life.—*Imprimis*,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, sir, I read ; and then I breakfast ;
So on, till foresaid god does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
Thus of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find
Are, that they did their work and dined.

The books of which I'm chiefly fond
Are such as you have whilom conn'd,
That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' rights in Golconda ;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' the' Highland ;
Of apes that storm or keep a town,
As well, almost, as Count Lauzun ;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters,
Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critiques I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again ;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one,
Then all your wits that fleer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram,
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slily put them off for mine,
Fond to be thought a country wit,
The rest—when Fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare and kick her
To bottled ale and neighbouring vicar ;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart ;
Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart.

Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life ;
Till Shadwell from the Town retires,
(Choked up with fume and sea-coal fires)
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric ;
Then hey for praise and panegyric ;
Justice restored, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.,

1689.

WHEN crowding folk, with strange ill faces,
Were making legs and begging places,
And some with patents, some with merit,
Tired out my good Lord Dorset's spirit ;
Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies,
Till, patience vex'd, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry ;
But did opine it might be better
By penny-post to send a letter :
Now if you miss of this epistle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.

My business, sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little place ;
And fair pretensions I have for't,
Much need, and very small desert.
Whene'er I writ to you I wanted ;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my victual,
Ask'd for me, from my Lord, things fitting,
Kind as I'd been your own begetting ;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at six and sevens,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephens'.

No family that takes a whelp,
When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of gate
When he's grown up to dog's estate ;
Nor parish, if they once adopt
The spurious brats by strollers dropp'd,
Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows :
No, thank them for their love, that's worse
Than if they'd throttled them at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul, when living,
Might have contrived me ways of thriving ;
Taught me with cider to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.
So when for Hock I drew prick'd white wine,
Swear't had the flavour and was right wine ;
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
Val's-inn, to some good rogue-attorney,

¹ Under Secretary to Lord Sunderland, when he held the
Secretary of State in the time of James the Second.

Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I'd found some handsome ways of getting.

All this you made me quit, to follow
That sneaking whey-faced god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd a youth, to make a poet.
In common justice, sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Amongst all honest Christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs maintains the cripple.

The sum of all I have to say
Is, that you'd put me in some way,
And your petitioner shall pray—

There's one thing more I had almost slipp'd,
But that may do as well in postscript;
My friend Charles Montague's² preferred,
Nor would I have it long observed
That one Mouse eats, while t'other's starved.

² Afterwards Earl of Halifax. He joined with Prior in ridiculing Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, under the story of the *City Mouse* and *Country Mouse*.

AD VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM, ET AMICUM, DOMINUM

SAMUELEM SCHAW,

DUM THESES DE ICTERO PRO GRADU DOCTORIS
DEFENDERET. 1692.

PHŒBE potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum prosit in arte labor:
Non icterum posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum dejice, sume lyram.

4 Junii, 1692.

MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

TO MY LEARNED FRIEND

SAMUEL SCHAW,

AT TAKING HIS DOCTOR'S DEGREE AT LEYDEN; AND
DEFENDING A THESIS ON THE JAUNDICE.

O PHŒBUS, deity whose powerful hand
Can spread diseases through the joyful land;
Alike all powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again;
When Schaw, our pride, you see, confess you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd;
No more the world the jaundice' threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near:
Suppress thy rage, with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DISCOVERY
OF THE CONSPIRACY¹, 1696.

Serus in oecum redeas ; diuque
Lætus intersis populo Quirini :
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura

Tollat——

Hoz. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains on earth and human acts to wait,
Who turn, with secret power, this restless ball,
And bid predestined empires rise and fall,
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the throne ;
But tyrants dread ye, lest your just decree
Transfer the power and set the people free :
See rescued Britain at your altars bow,
And hear her hymns your happy care avow ;
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court ;
That Law with all her pompous terror stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands,
And rigid Justice reads the fatal word,
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

¹ This conspiracy is commonly called ' The Assassination-plot.'

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
That she can separate parricides from sons;
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him who broke her chains.

And thou, great Minister, above the rest
Of guardian spirits be thou ever bless'd :
Thou who of old wert sent to Israel's court
With secret aid, great David's strong support,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And strike the useless javelin to the wall,
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly shield,
When power Divine did sovereign right declare,
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed Angel, be thy care the same ;
Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame ;
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand ;
Save thou the King, as he has saved the land.

We angels' forms in pious monarchs view ;
We reverence William, for he acts like you ;
Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives,
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives :
The hero, dear to earth, by Heaven beloved,
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers proved :
His foes must aid to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, though with sudden rage the tempest comes,
Though the winds roar, and though the water foams,
Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And, smiling, sees her rebel subjects frown :
Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her power ;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore :

In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown;
The powers that rescued shall preserve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
Behold, the monarch ploughs his liquid way:
His fleets, in thunder, through the world declare
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blacken'd with crowds; he sees the nation stand,
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great Leader's praise; by turns they tell
And listen, each with emulous glory fired,
How William conquer'd, and how France retired;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confess'd,
But trembled for the courage which she bless'd.

O Louis! from this great example know
To be at once a hero and a foe:
By sounding trumpets hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes;
And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence, then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your native seats of night repair:
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride,
Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlasting chains:
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains)
While on the ivory chair, in happy state
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency, and views, beneath,
Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

TO

A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704, THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's¹ fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes, that cannot read,
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silk-worms' beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair ;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I, for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas ! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

¹ This young lady is supposed to have been one of the Dorset family.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EXETER',

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you
sprung,

Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd, and young, yet something still I writ
Of Ca'ndish beauty, join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to show the labouring Muse
What greater theme your music can produce,
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admired how high 'twas placed, how bright it
shone;

But as his power was known, their thoughts were
raised,

And soon they worshipp'd what at first they praised.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song,
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda¹ young;
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate, and the poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew:

¹ Anna, daughter of William Earl of Devonshire, and sister to the first Duke. She died in 1703.

² Mrs. Katharine Phillips.

Your music's power your music must disclose ;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls.
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love ;

You far above both these your God did place,
That your high power might worldly thoughts
destroy,

That with your numbers you our zeal might raise ;
And, like himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal choir.

Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude atheist know
That there's a Heaven by what he hears below.

As in some piece while Luke his skill express'd,
A cunning angel came and drew the rest ;
So when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid ; divinity helps art ;
Some cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
Theraging flames, but, struck with strange surprise,
Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes ;
But had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime atoned :
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had waked the stone,
And from destruction call'd the rising town ;
Malice to music had been forced to yield,
Nor could he burn so fast as thou could'st build.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON, BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone.
Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke
As Milton wrote, and such as your's her look.
Your's, the best copy of the' original face
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race :
Such chains no author could escape but he ;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

TO
THE LADY DURSLEY¹,

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd,
Our common loss unjustly you complain,
So small that part of it which you sustain.
You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destined for the race :
Kind Nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heaven's first work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy Saint, the serpent's power control ;
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul :
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden lost.

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist, Viscount Campden.

With virtue strong as your's had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,
 Nor had frail Adam fallen, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY

LORD BUCKHURST¹,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE amorous youth, whose tender breast
 Was by his darling Cat possess'd,
 Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
 Howe'er irregular his fire:
 Nature the power of love obey'd,
 The Cat became a blushing maid;
 And on the happy change, the boy
 Employ'd his wonder and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,
 Lest thou prefer so rash a prayer,
 Nor vainly hope the queen of love
 Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
 O quickly from her shrine retreat,
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
 Her own Adonis live in thee,
 Will lightly her first loss deplore,
 Will easily forgive the boar:
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow,
 With jealous rage her breast will glow,
 And on her tabby-rival's face
 She deep will mark her new disgrace.

¹ Afterwards created Duke of Dorset.

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through Fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagined pleasures find
To combat against real cares.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in'thought
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration :
Pleased when his reason he deceives,
And sets his judgment by his passion.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desperate bet upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon; 'tis night :
This day like all the former flies :
Yet on he runs to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height :
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like employ ;
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear ;
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confused and black, if brought too near.

If we see right, we see our woes :
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows :
The only wretched are the wise.

We, wearied, should lie down in death :
This cheat of life would take no more
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I, Phillis but a perjured whore.

TO

DR. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS

PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muse who, in unhallow'd strains,
The saint one moment from his God detains ;
For sure whate'er you do, where'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer.
Forgive her ; and entreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raise her notes to that sublime degree
Which suits a song of piety and thee,

Wondrous good Man ! whose labours may repel
The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell ;
Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,
The crying Voice to bid the world repent.

Thee youth shall study, and no more engage
Their flattering wishes for uncertain age ;
No more with fruitless care and cheated strife
Chase fleeting pleasure through this maze of life ;
Finding the wretched all they here can have
But present food and but a future grave,
Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
This abject world ; and, weeping, ask a new.

Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess
Thy labours can assuage where medicines cease ;
Shall bless thy words, their wounded souls' relief,
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life ;
Shall look to heaven, and laugh at all beneath ;
Own riches, gather'd trouble ; fame, a breath ;
And life an ill, whose only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their sense untutor'd Infancy may know ;
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,

On its bless'd steps each age and sex may rise ;
Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,

Its foot on earth, its height above the skies,
Diffused its virtue, boundless is its power ;
'Tis public health, and universal cure :
Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast ;
A nation's food, and all to every taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd,
And various death, for various crimes, she fear'd :

With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live.
You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand,
Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O! save us still; still bless us with thy stay:
O! want thy Heaven till we have learn'd the way:
Refuse to leave thy destined charge too soon,
And for the Church's good, defer thy own.
O! live, and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
Till future infancy, baptized by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full age and hoary holiness
Retire, great Teacher, to thy promised bliss;
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjured be thy dust,
As thy own fame among the future just,
Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks;
Till judgment calls, and quicken'd nature wakes;
Till through the utmost earth and deepest sea
Our scatter'd atoms find their destined way,
In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,
Perfect our state, and build immortal man:
Then fearless thou, who well sustain'dst the fight,
To paths of joy and tracts of endless light,
Lead up all those who heard thee and believed;
Midst thy own flock, great Shepherd, be received,
And glad all Heaven with millions thou hast saved.

TO

. A PERSON

WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPAKE WORSE, AGAINST ME.

LIE, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf,
 Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee :
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself ;
 Then why should I answer, since first I must
 read thee ?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag ; [bub,
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag,

Pursue me with satire ; what harm is there in't ?
 But from all *vivâ voce* reflection forbear ;
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print ;
 There may be a little from what thou may'st
 swear.

 ON

THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites,
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes,
 His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with by his legs.
 Phoebus, give Philo o'er himself command ;
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand ;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink ;
 So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

TO THE
LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,
 SINCE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN,
 ON A COLUMN OF HER DRAWING.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
 These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
 They shall confess that Britain could not raise
 A fairer Column to the father's praise.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE
 COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE,
 ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S¹,
 WHEREON WERE ALL HER GRANDSONS PAINTED.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest
 If she created, or he painted best;
 With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
 She still form'd fairer, he still liker drew.
 In these seven brethren they contended last;
 With art increased their utmost skill they tried,
 And, both well-pleased they had themselves sur-
 pass'd,
 The goddess triumph'd, and the painter died.

¹ Lord Oxford, who calls this painter Wissing, says he was born at Amsterdam, and became a formidable rival to Sir Godfrey Kneller in England, but died at the early age of thirty-one, in 1687. Prior wrote these lines on his last performance.

That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be our's the wonder, and be your's the praise :
For here, as in some glass, is well descried
Only yourself thus often multiplied.

When Heaven had you and gracious Anna' made,
What more exalted beauty could it add ?

Having no nobler images in store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had framed before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we see
Obliging truth, and handsome honesty,
With all that world of charms which soon will move
Reverence in men, and in the fair ones love ;
His every grace his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has your's.

If every Cecil's face had every charm
That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form,
Their beauties all become your beauty's due ;
They are all fair, because they're all like you.
If every Cavendish great and charming look,
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb your image is express'd,
But on their brow firm courage stands confess'd ;
There their great father, by a strong increase,
Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece.
Thus still your beauty in your sons we view,
Wiessen seven times one great perfection drew ;
Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent sun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He sees himself improved, while every stone,
With a resembling light, reflects a sun.

² Eldest daughter of the Countess.

So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern earth, and people heaven,
Her glory grew diffused ; and, fuller known,
She saw the deity in every son :

And to what god soe'er men altars raised,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother praised.

In short-lived charms let others place their joys,
Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys ;
Your stronger beauty time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah ! Wiessen, had thy art been so refined,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Through circling years thy labours would survive,
And living rules to fairest virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live :
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do,
Till thine, confused with Nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendish's name, and Cecil's honour die.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

You, madam, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know ;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd ;
Such charms as your's are only given
To chosen favourites of Heaven.

But such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate ;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love, for years to come ;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My cares deserve, or life concern ;
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree ;
For while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains.
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease ;
But should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.

This secret, then, I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.
What matters if, unblest'd in love,
How long or short my life will prove ?
To gratify what low desire
Should I with needless haste inquire,
How great, how wealthy I shall be ?
Oh ! what is wealth or power to me !
If I am happy or undone,
It must proceed from you alone.

TO

A FRIEND, ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay bless'd in his Alcmena's charms,
Three nights, in one, he press'd her in his arms;
The sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove
To shade her god, and to prolong his love.
From that auspicious night Alcides came:
What less could rise from Jove and such a dame?
May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir;
He strong as Jove, she like Alcmena fair.

TO

A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

OF thy judicious Muse's sense,
Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
That Sacharissa and Hortense
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.

Yet she to one must still submit,
To dear mamma must pay her duty;
She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
Thou shouldst forget his daughter's beauty.

EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1714, BUT LEFT UNFINISHED, BY THE
SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining sideboard and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require,
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair Portrait of my sovereign Dame,
To that, alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy Picture, like thy fame,
Entire may last, that as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen,
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand,
The mighty Empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, pass'd;
To say, She wills detested wars to cease;
She checks her conquest for her subjects' ease,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore
 Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have
 Higher to raise the glories of thy reign, [power
 In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
 May future bards the mighty theme rehearse:
 Here Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
 The votive tablet I suspend * * * * *

TO

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX,

OCCASIONED BY THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM,

1704.

— Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
 Deficient; neque enim quivis horrentia pillis
 Agmina, nec fracta pœreuntes cuspidè Gallos.—

HOR. Lib. ii. Sat. 1.

SINCE, hired for life thy servile Muse must sing
 Successive conquests and a glorious King;
 Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
 And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost,
 What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
 On the event of that superior day,
 In which one English subject's prosperous hand
 (So Jove did will, so Anna did command)
 Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
 Which sixty winters had conspired to raise?

From the lost field a hundred standards brought,
 Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault.

Bavaria's stars must be accused, which shone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done,
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun.
Some demon, envying France, misled the fight,
And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.

When thy young Muse invoked the tuneful Nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduced to rhyme?
And though the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?
The Danube rescued, and the empire saved,
Say, is the majesty of verse retrieved?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein
To sing the princes Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.
Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;
Place me the valiant Gowran¹ in his stead;
Let the intention make the number good;
Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will
stand,

So as to have one rhyme at his command,

¹ Lord Cutts was created Baron Gowran of Ireland.

With ease the bard reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are,
Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measured sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance, now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree?
'In one great day, on Hochstet's fatal plain,
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain;
Push'd through the Danube, to the shores of Styx,
Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six;
Officers captive made, and private men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten!
Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages, [these.
Cannons, and kettle-drums,'—sweet numbers
'But is it thus you English bards compose?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?
And when you should your hero's deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse?

Why, faith, Despreaux, there's sense in what you
I told you where my difficulty lay: [say;
So vast, so numerous, were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the
Muse's toils.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my Lord Mayor's day?
To number all the several dishes dress'd
By honest Lamb, last coronation-feast?

Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will
That I had shared a portion of thy skill;
Had this poor breast received the heavenly beam,
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muse should strive,
Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths to
Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice, [live;
And to their favourite's strain exalt her voice,
Arms and a Queen to sing; who great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering
Sent forth the terror of her high commands, [flood,
To save the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The Queens should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
Attended by the gods of War and Love;
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear,
And as great Anna smiles dispel their fear;
With active dance should her observance claim;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name;
Their master Thames should leave the neighbouring
By his strong anchor known and silver oar; [shore,
Should lay his ensigns at his Sovereign's feet,
And audience mild with humble grace entreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign,
Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid,
His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and
Feel the hard burden of oppressive war; [Saar,

That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies' neighbouring force;
And all must weep, sad captives to the Seine,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant Sovereign calls her General forth,
Neither recites her bounty nor his worth;
She tells him he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem;
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall,
Shows him Prince Edward and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says he must die, or succour the distress'd;
Placing the saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless
Pride.

The hero bows obedient, and retires;
The Queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires:
His steps are to the silent woods inclined,
The great design revolving in his mind,
When to his sight a heavenly form appears,
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears:—
'Me, (she begins) the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever sought, and bless'd above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and
fame,

(Nor need I say Victoria is my name)
Me the great Father down to thee has sent;
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have;
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

'Dare then, thou much-beloved by smiling Fate,
For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great:
Go forth, and be to distant nations known,
My future favourite, and my darling son:

At Schellenberg I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious cause, and spread my wings again,
 Conspicuous o'er thy helm, on Blenheim's plain.
 The goddess said, nor would admit reply,
 But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known,
 And thronging armies to his standard run;
 He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails;
 (Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
 Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,
 And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores:
 His presence only must retrieve that loss;
 Marlborough to her must be what William was:
 So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods,
 Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,
 Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the chief advance;
 Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:
 The British General dooms the fight: his sword
 Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
 'Anne and St. George,' the charging hero cries;
 Shrill Echo from the neighbouring wood replies,
 'Anne and St. George.'—At that auspicious sign
 The standards move; the adverse armies join.
 Of eight great hours Time measures out the sands,
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands;
 The ninth, Victoria comes: o'er Marlborough's
 head

Confess'd she sits; the hostile troops recede:—
 Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.

The Eagle, by the British Lion's might
 Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight;

Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
From Tiber's banks, than now from Danube's shore.

Fired with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise,
The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
With wonder, (though with envy still,) pursued
by human eyes.

But we must change the style—Just now I said
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade ;
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
In prose and business lies extinct and lost ;
Bless'd if I may some younger Muse excite,
Point out the game, and animate the flight ;
That, from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too,
And either laurel does in Britain grow ;
That though, amongst ourselves, with too much
heat

We sometimes wrangle when we should debate,
(A consequential ill which freedom draws :
A bad effect, but from a noble cause)
We can with universal zeal advance
To curb the faithless arrogance of France ;
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
To answer to thy Master or thy Muse ;
Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains,
And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza reigns.

HYMNS.



TO THE SUN.

SET BY PURCELL¹.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career,
And, as thou dost thy radiant journeys run,
Through every distant climate own
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever saved a land or bless'd a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power
was known.

So may thy godhead be confess'd,
So the returning year be bless'd,
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.
From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our eras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

¹ Intended to be sung at court on New Year's Day, 1694.

Let our hero, in the war,
Active and fierce, like thee, appear;
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
When, clad in rising majesty,
Thou marchest down our Delos' hill confess'd,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dress'd.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injured nations peace and joy.

From fairest Years and Time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling Hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as story has recorded
Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
For countries saved and battles won.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day design'd to wait
On William's fame and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event and fair success;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's sake and ours,
Choose out other smiling hours;.

Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counsels were advising ;
Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws and empires rising ;
Such as many courses ran,
Hand in hand, a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign ;
And in the typic glory show
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

As the solemn hours advance,
Mingled send into the dance
Many, fraught with all the treasures
Which thy eastern travel views ;
Many, wing'd with all the pleasures
Man can ask or Heaven diffuse ;
That great Maria all those joys may know
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

For thy own glory sing our sovereign's praise,
God of verses and of days ;
Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
Their lasting work with William's name ;
Let chosen Muses, yet unborn,
Take great Maria for their future theme ;
Eternal structures let them raise
On William's and Maria's praise ;
Nor want new subject for the song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
Till Nature's music lies unstrung ;
Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

THE

FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom apter shall we sing than Jove himself,
The god for ever great, for ever king,
Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
To Heaven's great 'habitants? Dictæan hear'st
More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute [thou
And various thought has traced. On Ida's mount,
Or Dictæ, studious of his country's praise,
The Cretan boasts thy natal place; but oft
He meets reproof deserved: for he, presumptuous,
Has built a tomb for thee who never know'st
To die, but livest the same to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: great Rhea,
Pregnant, to high Parrhasia's cliffs retired,
And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines;
Holy retreat! sithence no female hither,
Conscious of social love and Nature's rites,
Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bless'd parent
Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharged
The pondrous birth: she sought a neighbouring
spring
To wash the recent babe: in vain: Arcadia,
(However streamy now) adust and dry,
Denied the goddess water; where deep Melas
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smoked
Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty traveller

In vain required the current, then imprison'd
In subterranean caverns : forests grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
'Thou, too, O Earth, (great Rhea said) bring forth,
And short shall be thy pangs.' She said, and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
The yawning cliff : from its disparted height
Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
And cheer'd the valleys : there the heavenly mother
Bathed, mighty King, thy tender limbs ; she
wrapp'd them

In purple bands : she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee
Careful and secret : Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyré
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling she received thee,
And conscious of the grace, absolved her trust ;
Not unrewarded, since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name : fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream :
Fast by her flowery bank the sons of Arcas,
Favourites of heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge, and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, god, to Gnossus Neda brought : the
Nymphs

And Corybantes thee their sacred charge
Received : Adrasté rock'd thy golden cradle.
The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
Kind Amálthea, reach'd her teat distant
With milk, thy early food : the sedulous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn

To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding
Industrious with the warlike din to quell [arms;
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn.

Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit, [Jove,
And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's sons received the three-fold empire
Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determined,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion:
Wherefore not chance, but power above thy
brethren

Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels
Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And, oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of power; thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal. Those who labour
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleaming armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The soldier from successful camps returning

With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil
 Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
 Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
 To make his hero and himself immortal.
 Those, mighty Jove, meantime thy glorious care
 Who model nations, publish laws, announce
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
 Man owns the power of kings, and kings of Jove:
 And as their actions tend subordinate
 To what thy will designs, thou givest the means
 Proportion'd to the work; thou seest, impartial,
 How they those means employ. Each monarch
 His different realm accountable to thee, [rules
 Great ruler of the world: these only have
 To speak and be obey'd; to those are given
 Assistant days to ripen the design;
 To some, whole months; revolving years to some:
 Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose, blasted
 With fruitless act and impotence of counsel.
 Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
 Of every good; thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
 Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
 Great Father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth;
 For, without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
 And virtue, without wealth, exerts less power,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
 Virtue and wealth, for both are of thy gift.

THE
SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

HA ! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes ! Far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd ; for the god,
The god approaches. Hark ! he knocks ; the gates
Feel the glad impulse, and the severed bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-moved ; and hovering swans, their throats released

From native silence, carol sounds harmonious ?

Begin, young men, the hymn : let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence, and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first, by ardent prayer and clear lustration,
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness :
Impure, no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With silver hairs, and fair descent of children !
So lay foundations for aspiring cities !
And bless your spreading colonies' increase.

Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song,
Lest, wrathful, the far-shooting god emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands,
And seas subside, obedient, to the sound
Of Iö, Iö Pæan ! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her loved Achilles' death ;

For Phœbus was his foe : nor must sad Niobe
 In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep [ther !
 E'en through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mo-
 Whose fondness could compare her mortal off-
 To those which fair Latona bore to Jove. [spring
 Iö ! again repeat ye, Iö Pæan !

Against the deity 'tis hard to strive,
 He that resists the power of Ptolemy
 Resists the power of heaven, for power from heaven
 Derives ; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise till night draws on,
 The ditty still unfinish'd, and the day
 Unequal to the godhead's attributes
 Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
 And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
 Flows light ineffable ; his harp, his quiver,
 And Lictian bow are gold ; with golden sandals
 His feet are shod ; how rich ! how beautiful !
 Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises ;
 And Earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
 Eternal deck his cheek ; from his fair head
 Perfumes distil their sweets, and cheerful Health,
 His duteous handmaid, through the air improved,
 With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spearman's arm by thee, great god, directed,
 Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
 Inspired by thee, composes verse immortal.
 Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
 Eludes the urn, and chains or exiles Death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from Heaven
 Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
 Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow

Produced an ampler store of milk, the she-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder ;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burdens. Bless'd the
On which Apollo cast his favouring eye ! [cattle

But, Phœbus, thou, to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant-deity,
New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats ; heads, and branching
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil. [antlers
These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
(Young as thou wast) and in the well-framed models,
With emblematic skill and mystic order, [rise,
Thou show'dst where towers or battlements should
Where gates should open, or where walls should
compass :

While from thy childish pastime man received
The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Lybian strand ; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country, destined the auspicious seat
Of future kings and favour of the god,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.
Or Bœdromian hear'st thou, pleased, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king ? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee, for my country
Calls thee Carnean ; the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settled in Cyrene : there we appoint
Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars,

Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls ;
 As Carnus, thy high-priest and favour'd friend,
 Had erst ordain'd ; and with mysterious rites
 Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship
 Iö Carnean Phœbus ! Iö Pæan !

The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus,
 Reserve the honours of their winter store
 To deck thy temple, till returning spring
 Diffuses Nature's various pride, and flowers
 Innumerable, by the soft south-west
 Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands, [ment.
 Rebound their sweets from the' odoriferous pave-
 Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
 When annual the Carnean feast is held :
 The warlike Lybians, clad in armour, lead
 The dance, with clanging swords and shields they
 The dreadful measure : in the chorus join [beat
 Their women brown, but beautiful ; such rites
 To thee well-pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
 From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
 And lands determined for their last abodes ;
 But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
 Dispersed : when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
 Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair-one view
 Her typic people : thou with pleasure taught'st her
 To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
 And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
 Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy passion,
 Was aided by thy power. The monstrous Python
 Durst tempt thy wrath in vain : for dead he fell,
 To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.
 Iö ! while thy unerring hand elanced

Another, and another dart ; the people
Joyful repeated, Iö ! Iö Pæan !
E lance the dart, Apollo : for the safety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus :
' Like thee I am a power immortal, therefore
To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
Those poets who write little ? Vast and great
Is what I love : the far-extended ocean
To a small rivulet I prefer.' Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot, and thus the god :
' Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy ;
And carries forward, with his stupid force,
Polluting dirt ; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defiled : meanwhile the nymphs
Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well received,
And fit for heavenly use, from little urns
Pours streams select, and purity of waters.

Iö ! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeasurable ; while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

EPIGRAMS.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

THE Trojan swain had judged the great dispute,
 And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit,
 When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms :
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said—
 ' Yield, sister ; rival, yield : naked, you see
 I vanquish : guess how potent I should be,
 If to the field I came in armour dress'd ; [crest.
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and-terrible my

The warrior-goddess with disdain replied :
 ' Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride :
 Let a brave enemy for once advise ;
 And Venus, if 'tis possible, be wise.
 Thou to be strong must put off every dress ;
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness :
 And more than once (or thou art much belied)
 By Mars himself that armour has been tried.'

PARTIAL FAME.

THE sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
 In open pomp and triumph reigns :
 The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
 Disowns the honour of the deed.

Though he, for all his boast, is forced to yield,
 Though she can always keep the field ;
 He vaunts his conquest, she conceals her shame :
 How partial is the voice of Fame !

TO CHLOE.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
 In vain cold friendship you return ;
 Your drops of pity on my fire,
 Alas ! but make it fiercer burn.
 Ah ! would you have the flame suppress'd,
 That kills the heart it heats too fast,
 Take half my passion to your breast ;
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

EPIGRAM¹.

I STOOD, sir, patient at your feet,
 Before your elbow-chair ;
 But make a bishop's throne your seat,
 I'll kneel before you there.

¹ This epigram is printed from a pamphlet published in 1751, entitled, ' The friendly and honest Advice of an old Tory to the Vice Chancellor of Cambridge,' 8vo. from whence also is extracted the following account of the occasion which gave birth to it. ' In the year 1712, my old friend Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the Queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge ; and the next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college. The master loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world ;

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay homage to the Queen.

NELL AND JOHN.

WHEN Nell, given o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
'Tis in vain, (said the woman) to make such ado,
For to our long home we must all of us go!
' True, Nell, (replied John) but, what yet is the
worst
For us that remain, the best always go first:
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown
mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He waked in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
' Trim the boat, and sit quiet, (stern Charon replied)
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you
died.'

but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He therefore kept his seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand, who immediately on his return wrote the above epigram.'

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

‘ O DEATH ! how thou spoil’st the best project of
life !’

Said Gabriel, who still, as he buried one wife,
For the sake of her family, married her cousin ;
And thus, in an honest collateral line,
He still married on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

POOR Hal caught his death standing under a spout,
Expecting, till midnight, when Nan would come
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame, [out ;
And cursed was the weather that quench’d the
man’s flame.

Whoe’er thou art, that read’st these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR’S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,
‘ Methinks, child, you seem something round in
the belly !’

Nell answer’d him snappishly, ‘ How can that be,
When my husband has been more than two years
at sea ?’

‘ Thy husband ! (quoth Dick) why that matter was
carried

Most secretly, Nell ; I ne’er thought thou wert
married.’

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
 First writes a *billet-doux*, then says her prayers;
 Her mass and toilet; vespers and the play;
 Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day:
 Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
 At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
 Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
 She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
 Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
 An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

 THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
 Carved something like a man in clay.
 The mortal's work might well miscarry;
 HE, that does Heaven and earth control,
 Alone has power to form a soul,
 His hand is evident in Harry.
 Since one is but a moving clod,
 The' other the lively form of God,
 Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able,
 To prove all poetry but fable.

 THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;
 ' Call in Alcides, (said a crafty priest)
 Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest.'

' No ! (said the shepherd) if the Fates decree,
 By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
 To their commands I willingly resign,
 Power is their character, and patience mine ;
 Though, troth ! to me there seems but little odds,
 Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods !'

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,
 And laugh at those who of their ills complain :
 That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
 And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns !
 O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
 Little, alas ! are their distempers seen.
 But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
 Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's skill ;
 No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
 I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis Age.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis¹ of Ephraim heard Rochester²
 preach,
 Thus Bentley said to him, ' I pr'ythee, dear
 brother,
 How likest thou this sermon ? 'tis out of my reach.'
 ' His is one way, (said Willis) and ours is
 another ;
 I care not for carping ; but this I can tell,
 We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.'

¹ Bishop of Gloucester.

² Bishop Atterbury.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without stop or
stay,

As you value your peace, make the best of your
way.

Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law:
And in the King's-bench should a verdict be found,
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

ON

BISHOP ATTERBURY'S

BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

1720.

' I HAVE no hopes,' the Duke he says, and dies;
, In sure and certain hopes,' the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the Priest or Layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confess'd;
' He's our dear brother,' quoth the lordly priest:
The Duke, though knave, still ' Brother dear,' he
cries;
And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies?

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye :
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk ; he practises
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

THE REMEDY**WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.**

I SENT for Ratcliffe, was so ill
That other doctors gave me over ;
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

So good a wife doth Lissy make,
That from all company she flieth ;
Such virtuous courses doth she take,
That she all evil tongues defieth ;
And, for her dearest spouse's sake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
' You never yet told me one truth in your life.'
Vex'd Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
' You're a cuckold, (says she) do I tell you truth
now ?'

TO THE

DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless sprite.

With fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
Do you complain you cannot bear
An ill you may so soon retrieve ?
Good Alard, faith, is modester .
By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty *louis d'or*,
And you shall never see him more :
Take the advice ; *probatum est*.
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest ?

ON A F—T,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

READER, I was born, and cried ;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I died :
Like Julius Cæsar's was my death,
Who in the senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I :
And when I died, like Flora fair,
I left the commonwealth my heir.

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says, ' Mix water with your wine.'

MISCELLANIES.

CARMEN SECLARE,

FOR THE YEAR 1700.

TO THE KING.

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo :
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !
VIRG. Ecl. IV.

THY elder look, great Janus, cast
Into the long records of ages pass'd ;
Review the years in fairest action dress'd
With noted white, superior to the rest ;
Æras derived, and chronicles begun
From empires founded, and from battles won :
Show all the spoils by valiant kings achieved,
And groaning nations by their arms relieved ;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
And happy power sustain'd by wholesome laws ;
In comely rank call every merit forth,
Imprint on every act its standard worth ;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king :
With equal justice and historic care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare ;

Confess the various attributes of Fame
Collected and complete in William's name ;
To all the listening world relate,
(As thou dost his story read)
That nothing went before so great,
And nothing greater can succeed.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war ;
The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth,
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair written page,
From dawning childhood to establish'd age,
The glories of her empire trace,
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race,
And let the justest palm the victor's temples
grace.

The son of Mars reduced the trembling swains,
And spread his empire o'er the distant plains ;
But yet the Sabins' violated charms
Obscured the glory of his rising arms.
Numa the rights of strict religion knew,
On every altar laid the incense due ;
Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wise, but with excess of care,
He saved his country, but prolonged the war ;
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their strict examples taught
How wild desires should be controll'd
And how much brighter virtue was than gold ;

They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide,
And boasted poverty with too much pride.
Excess in youth made Scipio less revered ;
And Cato, dying, seem'd to own he feared.
Julius with honour tamed Rome's foreign foes ;
But patriots fell, ere the Dictator rose :
And while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
The monarch was adored, the city chain'd.

With justest honour be their merits dress'd,
But be their failings, too, confess'd :
Their virtue, like their Tyber's flood,
Rolling its course, design'd the country's good ;
But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed
From the low earth tore some polluting weed
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the scale ;
Valour grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majesty impair ;
Rome, by degrees, advancing more in age,
Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair,
Till Heaven a better race of men supplies,
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic strain ;
Experienced chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the first William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring
Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes ;

With happy laws her empire to sustain,
And with full power assert her ambient main ;
But, sometimes, too industrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of Fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud Conquest trample over right,
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty,
The chief still dying or the country free :
Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Connet, through the loins of Beau ;
Through Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that ruled the rugged North,
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are shown,
Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne,
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind, and as thy searching eye
Does our modern story trace,
Finding some of Stuart's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by ;
No harsh reflection let remembrance raise ;
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise :
But as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly name¹,
To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,

¹ Queen Mary.

Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep,
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep,
Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,
And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

Whither wouldst thou further look?
Read William's acts, and close the ample book;
Peruse the wonders of his dawning life,
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms;
When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not disgraced;
By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs raised;
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents,
And constant to his first decree,
To curb the proud, to set the injured free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant knee.

His opening years to riper manhood bring,
And see the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
And power supreme by free consent obey'd,
With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;
With what desire he makes his subjects bless'd,
His favours granted ere his throne address'd;
What trophies o'er our captived hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars;

How o'er himself as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals strengthening what his law ordains.

Through all his thread of life already spun,
Becoming grace and proper action run :
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mix'd with no crime, and shaded with no fault ;
No footsteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage ;
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple spied :
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis tried,
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim,
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

Janus, be to William just ;
To faithful History his actions trust ;
Command her, with peculiar care,
To trace each toil, and comment every war ;
His saving wonders bid her write
In characters distinctly bright,
That each revolving age may read
The patriot's piety, the hero's deed :
And still the sire inculcate to his son
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown,
That William's glory still may live,
When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
Mouldering drop the victor's praise ;
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be visible no more ;

When Sambre shall have changed her winding
And children ask where Namur stood. [flood,

Namur, proud city ; how her towers were arm'd !

How she contemn'd the' approaching foe !
Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.

Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hostile towers :
Perseus seem'd less swift in war
When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain : [fire,
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with
In vain against his force conspire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear !
And, lo ! Britannia's Lions waving there.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld :
He spake the word, that war and rage should cease ;
He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow,
And dictated a lasting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To rescued states, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand prescribed their ancient bounds ;
Ordain'd whom every province should obey ;
How far each monarch should extend his sway ;
Taught them, how clemency made power revered,
And that the prince beloved was truly fear'd.
Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,
Pleased to confess him not so great as good :
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than those which all his numerous crowns reflect ;

Establish'd Freedom clapped her joyful wings,
Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

Whither would the Muse aspire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire ?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought ;
Mindless of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
From thee, and from myself, borne far away.
The fiery Pegasus disdains
To mind the rider's voice, or feel the reins :
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded loose :
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse,
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous
force :
With the glad noise the cliffs and valleys ring,
While she through earth and air pursues the king.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore,
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore ;
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pondering vengeful wars,
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow ;
Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease ;
Daring to wield the sceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command to save the state ;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be secured,
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endured.

Through rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms ;

In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce
stream.

She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old Ocean how the hero pass'd :
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm whose empire he obeys.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest victor, and the kindest king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave ;
Firm he rejects the altars she would raise,
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often saved by William's hand ;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils
Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils,
In various views she tries her constant theme,
Finds him in councils and in arms the same :
When certain to o'ercome, inclined to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

Sudden another scene employs her sight ;
She sets her hero in another light ;
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest to establish peace ;
She brings Astrea down to earth again,
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

Then with unwearied wing the goddess soars
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores,
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage ;

Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares
If they shall study peace or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cause!
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions trust!

From the Mæotis to the northern sea
The goddess wings her desperate way,
See the young Muscovite², the mighty head,
Whose sovereign terror forty nations dread,
Enamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
And passing half the earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous sway
Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his
way.

But her own king she likens to his Thames,
With gentle course devolving fruitful streams;
Serene, yet strong; majestic, yet sedate;
Swift, without violence; without terror, great.
Each ardent nymph the rising current craves,
Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;
The vales along the bank their sweets disclose,
Fresh flowers for ever rise, and fruitful harvest
grows.

Yet whither would the' adventurous goddess go?
Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below?
Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,
And fields where mad Bellerophon was lost?
Or is her towering flight reclaim'd,
By seas from Icarus's downfall named?

² Peter the Great.

Vain is the call, and useless the advice,
To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward she incessant flies,
Resolved to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And tell great Jove she sings his image here ;
To ask for William an Olympic crown, [known ;
To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed un-
till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,
Unable to discern the way,
Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down :
Glorious attempt ! unhappy fate !
The song too daring, and the theme too great !
Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continued annals live to sing
A second hero or a vulgar king,
And with ignoble safety fly
In sight of earth, along a middle sky,

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving song.
Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb,
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come,
Till by thy high commands released,
Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
In decent order they advance to light ;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight,
And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,
Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name :
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut, then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
And make us happy as our king is great :
Be kind, and with a milder hand
Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
(Though noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage :
Bid the great Months begin their joyful round,
By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd :
Teach the glad Hours to scatter as they fly
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy ;
Lead forth the Years for peace and plenty famed,
From Saturn's rule and better metal named.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand,
Nor dread the bold invader's hand :
From adverse shores in safety let her hear
Foreign calamity and distant war,
Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear.
Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale,
And as she wills, let either part prevail :
Let her glad valleys smile with wavy corn,
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn ;
Around her coast let strong defence be spread,
Let fair abundance on her breast be shed,
And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddess' head.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,

Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame³,
Let a young phenix raise her towering head,
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread,
And by her greatness show her builder's fame :
August and open, as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts design'd ;
Let every sacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms and monuments of war.
The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
His shoulder bleeding fresh ; and at his feet
Disarm'd shall lie the threatening Death :
(For so was saving Jove's decree complete)
Behind, that angel shall be placed whose shield
Saved Europe, in the blow repell'd :
On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,
Boyne shall raise his laurel'd head,
And his immortal stream be known,
Artfully waving through the wounded stone.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarged,
With all the monarch's trophies charged :
Thou, the fair Heaven that dost the stars inclose
Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
On the great champions who support his throne,
And virtues nearest to his own.

Round Ormond's knee thou tiest the mystic string,
That makes the knight companion to the king.

³ Whitehall once belonged to the Archbishop of York. It was taken from Wolsey by Henry VIII. who converted it into a royal palace. In 1698, the whole of it, except the Banqueting-house, was destroyed by fire.

From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
Fast by his great forefather's coats and shields,
Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms, nor fears those arms should
With an unequal ray, or that his deed [shine
With paler glory should recede,
Eclipsed by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame
Even of his own maternal Nassau's name.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confess'd,
The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;
Born to protect and love, to help and please,
Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
Asserting legal power and just command;
To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
The father's star transmissive to the son.
From thee the Talbots' and the Seymours' race
Inform'd, their sires' immortal steps shall trace:
Happy may their sons receive
The bright reward which thou alone canst give.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide,
If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside,
Jersey, beloved by all (for all must feel
The influence of a form and mind
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)

Jersey shall at thy altars stand,
Shall there receive the azure band,
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great master's future charge :
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government and plans of wars ;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise ;
To lead them out from ease, ere opening dawn,
Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,
And chases give them images of war ;
To teach them vigilance by false alarms,
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms ;
Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
Mocking the foe, now to his rapid speed
To give the rein, and in the full career
To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed
spear.

Let him unite his subjects' hearts,
Planting societies for peaceful arts :
Some that in Nature shall true knowledge found,
And by experiment make precept sound ;
Some that to morals shall recall the age,
And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage ;
Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech,
That from our writers distant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe,
And schools profess our tongue through every land
That has invoked his aid, or bless'd his hand.

Let his high power the drooping Muses rear,
The Muses only can reward his care;
'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils:
'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils:
To them by smiling Jove 'twas given to save
Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recall,
When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride,
The sources of their treasure hide;
The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
When with big joy they strike the living lyre
On William's fame their fate depends:
With him the song begins, with him it ends.
From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light
With which the lasting lamp they feed
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argo's brought to ancient Greece;
Returning loaden with the shining stores
Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
As our high vessels pass their watery way,
Let all the naval world 'due homage pay;
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the asserted power
To whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy sway
To calm the earth and vindicate the sea.

Our prayers are heard; our master's fleets shall go
As far as winds can bear or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;

Nations yet wild, by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear;
The listening people shall his story hear;
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Inquiring how, and when, from Heaven he came.
Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to see their vassals tied;
When William's virtues raise their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand sustain'd,
His conquest by his piety restrain'd,
And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of destructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
And fill their temples with a stranger's praise;
When the great father's character they find
Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind,
And own a present deity confess'd,
In valour that preserved, and power that bless'd.

Through the large convex of the azure sky
(For thither Nature casts our common eye)
Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light,
And comets march, with lawless horror bright:
These hear no rule, no righteous order own,
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;

Through threaten'd lands they wild destruction
Till ardent prayer averts the public woe : [throw,
But the bright orb that blesses all above,
The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will,
Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill :
Fix'd by just laws he goes for ever right ;
Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

O Janus ! would entreated Fate conspire
To grant what Britain's wishes could require,
Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule and bless below :
But a relentless destiny
Urges all that e'er was born ;
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
The demi-god ; the earthly half must die.
Yet if our incense can your wrath remove,
If human prayers avail on minds above,
Exert, great god, thy interest in the sky,
Gain each kind power, each guardian deity ;
That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away ;
O ! long as utmost Nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day :
Still be our master's life thy happy care ;
Still let his blessings with his years increase ;
To his laborious youth, consumed in war,
Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace :
Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,
Whose verdure must for ever last.

Long let this growing era bless his sway,
And let our sons his present rule obey ;

On his sure virtue long let earth rely,
 And late let the imperial eagle fly,
 To bear the hero through his father's sky
 To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed
 On foot prevail'd, or he who tamed the steed :
 To Hercules at length, absolved by Fate
 From earthly toil, and above envy great ;
 To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,
 Sire of the Latian and the British throne ;
 To all the radiant names above,
 Revered by men, and dear to Jove :
 Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star,
 New-born, in rising majesty appear,
 To triumph over vanquish'd night,
 And guide the prosperous mariner
 With everlasting beams of friendly light.

 CELIA TO DAMON.

*Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summeque secundo
 Inveniuntur*—— *LUCRET. Lib. IV.*

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove
 My truth, what colours can describe my love,
 If its excess and fury be not known
 In what thy Celia has already done?
 Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were con-
 ceal'd
 In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld ;
 With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
 That durst not tell me what I died to hear.

In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
Or shelter passion under friendship's name ;
You saw my heart how it my tongue belied,
And when you press'd, how faintly I denied.—
Ere guardian Thought could bring its scatter'd aid,
Ere Reason could support the doubting maid,
My soul surprised, and from herself disjoin'd,
Left all reserve, and all the sex behind :
From your command her motions she received,
And not for me, but you, she breathed and lived.

But ever bless'd be Cytherea's shrine,
And fires eternal on her altars shine,
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound,
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown
Thy joys are centred all in me alone ;
And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour
For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—

Yet thus beloved, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss ;
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne,
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh ;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose :
But with no owner beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of Time borne swift away.
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where now, without a boast, some lustre lies)

No longer shall their little honours keep,
Shall only be of use to read or weep ;
And on this forehead, where your verse has said
The Loves delighted, and the Graces 'play'd,
Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Moved by my charms, with them your love may
cease,

And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:
Or angry Heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And sickness strike what time awhile would spare:
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew ?
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true,
When my own face deters me from my glass,
And Kneller only shows what Celia was ?

Fantastic Fame may sound her wild alarms :
Your country, as you think, may want your arms :
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame
Whose smoke too long obscured your rising name,
And quickly cold indifference will ensue,
When you love's joys through honour's optic view.

Then Celia's loudest prayer will prove too weak
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back :
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accents of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die ;
When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail,
When fair occasion shows the springing gale,
And interest guides the helm, and honour swells
the sail.

Some wretched lines from this neglected hand
May find my hero on the foreign strand, [mand ;
Warm with new fires, and pleased with new com-

While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude censure of the world is left ;
Her mangled fame in barbarous pastime lost,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
Sighs to my breast and sorrow to my eyes :
Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)
May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave :
That tyrant god, that restless conqueror,
May quit his pleasure, to assert his power ;
Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another nymph, with fatal power, may rise
To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes :
With haughty pride may hear her charms confess'd,
And scorn the ardent vows that I have bless'd.
You every night may sigh for her in vain,
And rise each morning to some fresh disdain :
While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm ;
While these fond arms, thus circling you, may
prove

More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.

Just gods ! all other things their like produce ;
The vine arises from her mother's juice ;
When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
They to their seed their images convey ;
Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads ;
And when the parent-rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
That product only which our passions bear
Eludes the planter's miserable care :

While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poison taints the secret root;
Soon fall the flowers of joy, soon seeds of hatred
shoot.

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel scene, unjust to love and you?
Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin?
From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?
And can you not for her you love do more
Than any youth for any nymph before?

DAPHNE AND APOLLO.

IMITATED FROM THE

FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Nympha, precor, Penei mane.——

OVID. Met. Lib. 1.

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue:
Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may
wound.

DAPH. [*aside.*] This care is for himself, as
sure as death;

One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do: I'll lead him t'other round:
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

APOL. You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly.
Nor ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown am I:
I Claros' isle and Tenedos command—

DAPH. Thank ye: I would not leave my native
land.

APOL. What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPH. Fish! Partridge¹ has as fair pretence as
you.

APOL. Behold the beauties of my locks—

DAPH. ————— A fig —

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig:
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?

APOL. I sing —

DAPH. —That never shall be Daphne's choice.
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOL. Of every herb I tell the mystic power,
To certain health the patient I restore;
Sent for, caress'd—

DAPH. —Ours is a wholesome air;
You'd better go to town and practise there:
For me, I've no obstructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jcve,
And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOL. For learning famed, fine verses I com-
pose. [beaus;

DAPH. So do your brother quacks and brother
Memorials only, and reviews, write prose.

¹ A noted astrologer and almanack maker.

APOL. From the bent yew I send the pointed
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.— [reed,

DAPH. Then leaving me, whom sure you would
not kill,

In yonder thicket exercise your skill:
Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOL. Yet turn, O beauteous maid, yet deign
to hear

A lovesick deity's impetuous prayer:
O let me woo thee as thou wouldst be wooed.—

DAPH. First, therefore, don't be so extremely
rude;

Don't tear the hedges down, and tread the clover
Like a hobgoblin, rather than a lover :

Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come ;

At ebbing tide he always is at home.

Read the Courant with him, and let him know

A little politics, how matters go

Upon his brother-rivers Rhine or Po.

As any maid or footman comes or goes,

Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does :

These sort of folks will to each other tell

That you respect me; that, you know, looks well.

Then if you are, as you pretend, the god

That rules the day, and much upon the road,

You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,

That you may bring one home from Africa ;

Some little rarity, some bird, or beast,

And now and then a jewel from the East ;

A lacker'd cabinet, some China ware,

You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.

Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,

Nor take example by your father Jove.

Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what startles you?) your wife.
I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
We mortals seldom live above fourscore;
Fourscore; you're good at numbers; let us see,
Seventeen, suppose, remaining sixty-three;
Ay, in that span of time you'll bury me.
Meantime, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
(Things not abhorrent to a married life)
They'll quickly end, you see; what signify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away,
You know your business takes you up all day;
And coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter-evening should be long,
Even read your physic-book, or make a song:
Your wife, your steeds, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honest godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat, or follow;
I Daphne (this premised) take thee Apollo;
And may I split into ten thousand trees,
If I give up on other terms than these.

She said; but what the amorous god replied,
So Fate ordain'd, is to our search denied:
By rats, alas! the manuscript is eat;
O cruel banquet, which we all regret:
Bavius, thy labours must this work restore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

COLIN'S MISTAKES.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

Me ludit amabilis
Insania. HOR.

FAST by the banks of Cam was Colin bred,
 (Ye Nymphs, for ever guard that sacred stream)
 To Wimple's woody shade his way he sped,
 (Flourish those woods, the Muses' endless theme!)
 As whilom Colin ancient books had read,
 Lays Greek and Roman would he oft rehearse,
 And much he loved, and much by heart he said,
 What father Spenser sung in British verse.
 Who reads that bard desires like him to write,
 Still fearful of success, still tempted by delight.

Soon as Aurora had unbarred the morn,
 And light discover'd Nature's cheerful face,
 The sounding clarion and the sprightly horn
 Call'd the blithe huntsman to the distant chase.
 Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly band;
 The deep-mouth'd hounds with thunder rend the air,
 The fiery coursers strike the rising sand,
 Far through the thicket flies the frightened deer;
 Harley, the honour of the day supports,
 His presence glads the woods, his orders guide the
 sports.

On a fair palfrey, well equipp'd, did sit
An Amazonian dame; a scarlet vest,
For active horsemanship adaptly fit,
Enclosed her dainty limbs; a plumed crest
Waved o'er her head; obedient by her side
Her friends and servants rode; with artful hand
Full well knew she the steed to turn and guide:
The willing steed received her soft command:
Courage and sweetness on her face were seated;
On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes
waited.

This seeing, Colin thus his Muse bespake,
(For alltydes was the Muse to Colin nigh)
Ah me, too nigh! 'or, Clio, I mistake,
Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,
Is Jove's fair daughter Pallas, gracious queen
Of liberal arts; with wonder and delight
In Homer's verse we read her; well I ween
That, emulous of his Grecian master's flight,
Dan Spenser makes the favourite goddess known,
When in her graceful look fair Britomart is shown.'

At noon, as Colin to the castle came,
Oped were the gates, and right prepared the feast;
Appears at table rich yclad a dame,
The lord's delight, the wonder of the guest;
With pearly and jewels was she sumptuous deck'd,
As well became her dignity and place;
But the beholders mought her gems neglect,
To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,
Serene with glory, and with softness bright:
O beauty sent from heaven to cheer the mortal sight!

Liberal Munificence behind her stood,
And decent State obey'd her high command,
And Charity, diffuse of native good,
At once portrays her mind and guides her hand.
As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to lift,
And silence with obliging parley broke,
How gracious seem'd to each the' imparted gift!
But how more gracious what the giver spoke!
Such ease, such freedom did her deed attend,
That every guest rejoiced, exalted to a friend.

Quoth Colin, 'Clio, if my feeble sense
Can well distinguish yon illustrious dame,
Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense,
In Latian numbers Juno is her name;
Great goddess who, with peace and plenty crown'd,
To all that under sky breathe vital air,
Diffuseth bliss, and through the world around
Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer;
Certes of her in semblant guise I read,
Where Spenser decks his lays with Gloriana's deed.'

As Colin mused at evening near the wood,
A nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him pass'd;
Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd,
A ribbon bound and shaped her slender waist;
A veil dependant from her comely head,
And beauteous plenty of ambrosial hair,
O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,
Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air:
The smiling Zephyrs call'd their amorous brothers,
They kiss'd the waving lawn, and wafted it to others.

Daisies and violets rose where'er she trod,
As Flora kind, her roots and buds had sorted;
And, led by Hymen, wedlock's mystic god,
Ten thousand Loves around the nymph disported.
Quoth Colin, ' Now I ken the goddess bright
Whom poets sing: all human hearts, enthrall'd,
Obey her power ; her kindness the delight
Of gods and men; great Venus she is call'd,
When Mantuan Virgil doth her charms rehearse;
Belphebe is her name in gentle Edmund's verse.'

Heard this the Muse, and with a smile replied,
Which show'd soft anger mix'd with friendly love;
'Twin sisters still were Ignorance and Pride;
Can we know right till error we remove?
But Colin, well I wist, will never learn;
Who slights his guide shall deviate from his way;
Me to have ask'd what thou couldst not discern
To thee pertain'd; to me the thing to say;
What heavenly will from human eye conceals,
How can the bard aread unless the Muse reveals?

' Nor Pallas thou nor Britomart hast seen,
When soon at morn the flying deer was chased;
Nor Jove's great wife, nor Spenser's Fairy Queen,
At noontide dealt the honours of the feast:
Nor Venus nor Belphebe didst thou spy,
The evening's glory, and the grove's delight:
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
That all the day to knowing mortals' sight
Bright Ca'ndish-Holles Harley stood confess'd,
As various hour advised, in various habit dress'd.'

THE DOVE.

— Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?

VIRG.

IN Virgil's sacred verse we find,
 That passion can depress or raise
 The heavenly as the human mind:
 Who dare deny what Virgil says?
 But if they should; what our great master
 Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove:—
 Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
 Of having lost her favourite Dove.
 In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd;
 His grief relieved his mother's pain;
 He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
 But she should have her Dove again.
 'Though none, (said he) shall yet be named,
 I know the felon well enough:
 But be she not, mamma, condemn'd
 Without a fair and legal proof.'
 With that, his longest dart he took,
 As constable would take his staff:
 (That gods desire like men to look,
 Would make e'en Heraclitus laugh.)
 Love's subalterns, a duteous band,
 Like watchmen round their chief appear:
 Each had his lantern in his hand;
 And Venus, mask'd, brought up the rear.

Accoutred thus, their eager step
To Chloe's lodging they directed :
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Chloe is of theft suspected.)

Late they set out, had far to go ;
Saint Dunstan's, as they pass'd, struck one :
Chloe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o' the town.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting-day.
Folks at her house at such an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours say?

The door is open : up they run :
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their speed :
'Thieves! thieves! (cries Susan) we're undone ;
They'll kill my mistress in her bed.'

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours : for all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless piquet was in the way.

She waked, be sure, with strange surprise ;
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes
That ever slept, or ever saw?

Have you observed a sitting hare,
Listening, and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap'back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake :
Nor would she stay ; nor daress fly.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid ;

When, gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,

Then sunk it deep beneath the clothes.

Venus this while was in the chamber

Incognito : for Susan said,
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—

And Susan is no lying maid.

But since we have no present need

Of Venus for an episode ;

With Cupid let us e'en proceed ;

And thus to Chloe spoke the god :

' Hold up your head : hold up your hand :

Would it were not my lot to show ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand

Indicted by the name of Chloe :

' For that, by secret malice stirr'd,

Or by an emulous pride invited,

You have purloin'd the favourite bird

In which my mother most delighted.'

Her blushing face the lovely maid

Raised just above the milk-white sheet ;

A rose-tree in a lily bed,

Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet :

' Are you not he whom virgins fear,

And widows court ? is not your name

Cupid ? If so, pray come not near'—

' Fair maiden, I'm the very same.'

' Then what have I, good sir, to say,

Or do with her you call your mother ?

If I should meet her in my way,

We hardly courtesy to each other,

' Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true :
I would not give my paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

' Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where'er you please :
(The rage that raised, adorn'd her voice)
Upon yon toilet lie my keys.'

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks ;
Through wardrobe, and through closet bounces :
Peeps into every chest and box ;
Turns all her furbelows and flounces.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none ;
So to the bed returns again :
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

' I marvel much, (she smiling said)
Your poultry cannot yet be found :
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd ?

' No, traitor, (angry Love replies)
He's hid somewhere about your breast ;
A place, nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper nest.'

' Search then, (she said) put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me :
As guilty I, or free, may stand,
Do thou, or punish, or reward me.'

But ah ! what maid to Love can trust ?
He scorns, and breaks all legal power :
Into her breast his hand he thrust ;
And in a moment forced it lower.

'O, whither do those fingers rove,
 (Cries Chloe) treacherous urchin, whither?—
 'O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,
 (Says he) for sure I touch his feather.'

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
 Batten beside Erle Robert's table :
 Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
 Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
 Their fill they eat of fowl and fish ;
 Feast-lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.
 As guests sat jovial at the board,
 Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
 Of Boling¹, whilome John the Saint,
 Who maketh oft propos full quaint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
 To Matthew seated on t'oth' side;—
 'To thee, lean bard, it doth pertain
 To understand these creatures tweine :
 Come frame us now some clean device,
 Or playsant rhyme on yonder mice :
 They seem, God shield me, Mat and Charles².'
 'Bad as Sir Topaz, or squire Quarles³,
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)
 At emblem, or device am I :

¹ Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

² Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax.

³ Francis Quarles,

But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee :
Ne verse from me (so God me shrive)
On mouse, or other beast alive.
Certes, I have these many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze,
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lyon fierce will I compare :
Ne judge unjust with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks :
Ne priest unworth of goddes' coat,
To swine ydrunk, or filthy stoat.
Elk simile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trow, to flea.'

Reply'd the friendlike peer, 'I weene,
Matthew is angred on the spleen.'
'Ne so, (quoth Mat) ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoons, we'll weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been,
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The rest in order to explain.

'That cup-board, where the mice disport,
I liken to St. Stephen's Court⁴:
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as these mine eyen survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;

⁴ Exchequer.

Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other *tells*.'

' Dear Robert, (quoth the Saint), whose mind,
In bounteous deed no mean can bind ;)
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray ?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth say :—
' Yea, (quoth the Erle) but not to-day.'

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft doth Mat with Topaz dine,
Eateth baked meats, drinketh Greek wine ;
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth :
Now sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine,
Algates assaulted sore by letchours tweine ;
Now, an I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde,
Had they been yong (pardie) and she been olde ;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much sorer tryal,
Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

TO FORTUNE.

WHILST I in prison or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
In vain, malicious Fortune, hast thou tried,
By taking from my state, to quell my pride:
Insulting Girl, thy present rage abate,
And, wouldst thou have me humbled, make me
great.

TO CHLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee;
The cheerful birds no longer sing,
Each droops his head and hangs his wing:
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower:
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe:
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy sighs and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love:
Strange tears! whose power can soften all
But that dear breast on which they fall.

CHLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Chloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanced to stray.

Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid ;
 And, ' Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, (he said)
 The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.'
 Loud Cupid laugh'd to see the god's mistake ;
 And, laughing, cried, ' Learn better, great divine,
 To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
 Rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek,
 Or on Meander's bank or Latmus' peak ;
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister, know ;
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow :
 Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring
 Sacred to soft recess and gentle love. [grove,
 Go, with thy Cynthia hurl the pointed spear
 At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer :
 I and my Chloe take a nobler aim ;
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.'

CHLOE JEALOUS.

' FORBEAR to ask me why I weep,
 (Vex'd Chloe to her shepherd said ;)
 'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,
 Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

' For mind I what you late have writ ?
 Your subtle questions and replies ?
 Emblems to teach a female wit
 The ways where changing Cupid flies ?

' Your riddle purposed to rehearse
 The general power that beauty has,
 But why did no peculiar verse
 Describe one charm of Chloe's face ?

26. K

' The glass which was at Venus' shrine
With such mysterious sorrow laid;
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which show'd how youth and beauty fade.

' Ten thousand trifles light as these
Nor can my rage nor anger move;
She should be humble who would please,
And she must suffer who can love.

' When in my glass I chanced to look,
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace which thence I took
Should know to charm my Damon more.

' Reading thy verse, " Who heeds, (said I)
If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye
Whose heart to me is always true."

' My bloom, indeed, my little flower
Of beauty, quickly lost its pride;
For, sever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing bosom died.

' Yet cared I not what might presage
Or withering wreath or fleeting youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
And time less permanent than truth.

' Why then I weep forbear to know;
Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! 'tis the only woe
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

' The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapp'd up even in my hearse,
But on my tombstone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.'

ANSWER TO CHLOE JEALOUS.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

THE AUTHOR SICK.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power,
 Dear idol of my panting heart,
 Nature points this my fatal hour,
 And I have lived, and we must part.
 While now I take my last adieu,
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
 Lest yet my half-closed eye may view
 On earth an object worth its care.
 From Jealousy's tormenting strife
 For ever be thy bosom freed;
 That nothing may disturb thy life,
 Content, I hasten to the dead.
 Yet when some better-fated youth
 Shall with his amorous parley move thee,
 Reflect one moment on his truth
 Who, dying, thus persists to love thee.

 A BETTER ANSWER.

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
 Prythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
 'Let us even talk a little like folks of this world.'
 How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ, [wrong;
Your judgment at once and my passion you
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found
wit : [song ?

Odd's life ! must one swear to the truth of a

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write,
shows

The difference there is betwixt nature and art;
I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose ;
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my
heart.

The god of us versemen (you know, child,) the Sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest ;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come ;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree ;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surprised, the goddess took it for her own :
' And what, (said she) does this bold painter mean ?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES. 109

Pleased Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's
pride;

' And who's blind now, mamma? (the urchin
cried)

'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast :
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame :

' Adorn my altars and revere my name ;

My son shall else assume his potent darts ;

Twang goes the bow ; my girls, have at your hearts.'

The Muses answer'd Venus, ' We deride

The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride :

Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,

To the loose dance and wanton masquerade ;

Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look

On the instructive verse and moral book.

On female idleness his power relies,

But when he finds us studying hard, he flies.'

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

WHEN Kneller's works, of various grace,

Were to fair Venus shown,

The goddess spied in every face

Some features of her own.

' Just so, (and pointing with her hand)

So shone, (says she) my eyes,

When from two goddesses I gain'd

An apple for a prize.

‘ When in the glass and river too
My face I lately view’d,
Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

‘ In colours of this glorious kind
Apelles painted me ;
My hair, thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

‘ Like this disorder’d, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears;
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Even beautiful in tears.’

But viewing Myra placed apart,
‘ I fear, (says she) I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey’s art
Has far surpass’d thine here :

‘ Or, I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am undone ;
And must resign to her the prize,
The apple, which I won.’

But soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air,

With fiery emulation fill’d,
The wondering goddess cried,
‘ Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde.’

PHILLIS'S AGE.

' How old may Phillis be, (you ask)
 Whose beauty thus all hearts engages ?
 To answer is no easy task,
 For she has really two ages.
 Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
 Her patches, paint, and jewels on ;
 All day let Envy view her face,
 And Phillis is but twenty-one.
 Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,
 At night, astronomers agree
 The evening has the day belied,
 And Phillis is some forty-three.

THE QUESTION.

TO LISETTA.

WHAT nymph should I admire or trust,
 But Chloe beauteous, Chloe just ?
 What nymph should I desire to see,
 But her who leaves the plain for me ?
 To whom should I compose the lay,
 But her who listens when I play ?
 To whom in song repeat my cares,
 But her who in my sorrow shares ?
 For whom should I the garland make,
 But her who joys the gift to take,
 And boasts she wears it for my sake ?
 In love am I not fully bless'd ?
 Lisetta, pr'ythee, tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Chloe just, and Chloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care ;
But when you and she to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by,
Which way did you cast your eye ?
But when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring ;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part ?
When you the flowers for Chloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine ?
Simplest of swains ! the world may see
Whom Chloe loves, and who loves me.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holiday, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour or so :
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god, unhappily engaged,
By nature rash, by play enraged,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried, and fretted
Lost every earthly thing he betted ;
In ready money all the store
Pick'd up long since from Danae's shower ;

A snuff-box set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierced with diamond darts ;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood ;
(The tree in Ida's forest stood)
His bowl, pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame ;
Two table-books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers ;
Merchandise rare ! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true ;
Heaps of hair rings, and cipher'd seals ;
Rich trifles, serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets !
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power ;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise ; those darts—' Come, seven's the main,'
Cries Ganymede : the usual trick,
Seven slur a six ; eleven : a nick.

Ill news goes fast : 'twas quickly known
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew ;
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son :
' Come hither, sirrah : no, begone ;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed ?
A comrade you for Ganymede ?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page ;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy ;
A prince's son ! A blackguard boy ;
A sharper that, with box and dice,
Draws in young deities to vice.

All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither :
Juno herself has had no peace ;
And truly I've been favour'd less :
For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name)
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
' And thou, unhappy child, (she said,
Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast,
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despised, thy weakness known ?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd,
Nor shall thy power in Heaven be own'd,
When thou nor man nor god canst wound.'

Obedient Cupid, kneeling, cried,
' Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide ;
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble ;
Yet why this great excess of trouble ?
The dice were false ; the darts are gone ;
Yet how are you or I undone ?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Chloe's eye :
Fear not we e'er can be disgraced
While that bright magazine shall last :
Your crowded altars still shall smoke,
And man your friendly aid invoke ;
Jove shall again revere your power,
And rise a swan, or fall a shower.'

CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too well-guided arrow flew.

' I faint! I die! (the goddess cried)
 O cruel, couldst thou find none other
 To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.'

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
 ' Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy my mistake!
 I took you for your likeness, Chloe.'

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

It oft to many has successful been,
 Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
 Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
 Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
 All public sports, to favour young desire,
 With opportunities like this conspire.
 Even where his skill the gladiator shows,
 With human blood where the Arena flows,
 There, oftentimes, Love's quiver-bearing boy
 Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy;

While the spectator gazes on the fight,
And sees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty mistress entertains,
And wagers with her who the conquest gains;
Slily the god takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
'Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain,
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.'

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

AT dead of night, when stars appear,
And strong Boötes turns the Bear,
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigued with labours of the day,

Cupid was knocking at my gate ;
' Who's there ? (says I) who knocks so late,
Disturbs my dreams and breaks my rest ?
' O fear not me, a harmless guest,
(He said) but open, open pray ;
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wander here this moonlight night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.'
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepared,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow :
In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my fate ;
I set the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dried his hair ;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent,
But he, on wanton mischief bent,
Said, ' Dearest friend, this bow you see,
This pretty bow, belongs to me ;
Observe, I pray, if all be right,
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite :—
He drew it then, and straight I found
Within my breast a secret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer stay'd,
But leap'd away, and laughing said,
' Kind host adieu, we now must part,
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart.'

MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver ;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand ;
He found his man, produced his warrant :
' Cupid, your darts—this very hour,—
There's no contending against power.'

How sullen Jupiter, just now,
I think I said ; and you'll allow
That Cupid was as bad as he ;
Hear but the youngster's repartee.

' Come, kinsman, (said the little god)
Put off your wings, lay by your rod,
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And rest yourself for half an hour ;
'Tis far, indeed, from hence to Heaven,
But you fly fast, and 'tis but seven :
We'll take one cooling cup of Nectar,
And drink to this celestial Hector.—

' He break my darts, or hurt my power !
He, Leda's swan, and Danae's shower !
Go bid him his wife's tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder and his rain.
My darts ! O, certainly I'll give them ;
From Chloe's eyes he shall receive them :
There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang ! through his very heart and liver ;

He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave ;
Good Lord ! what bustle shall we have !
Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summon'd twice a day :
One must find shells, and t'other flowers,
For cooling grots and fragrant bowers ;
That Chloe may be served in state,
The Hours must at her toilet wait ;
Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow.
Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast ;
No matter though their cruel haste
Sink cities and lay forests waste :
No matter though this fleet be lost,
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whispering in my mother's ear !
What care that Juno should not hear !
What work among you scholar-gods !
Phœbus must write him amorous odes ;
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose ;
Whilst haughty Chloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain.'
' Dear coz, (said Hermes in a fright)
For Heaven's sake keep your darts : good night.'

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
 Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair;
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
 So peevish was the edict of the Mayor)
 At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
 To please our masters, and his friends the crowd,
 A huge neat's tongue he in his right hand held,
 His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage:
 'Why, how now, Andrew! (cries his brother droll)
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull.
 Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain
 What does your emblematic worship mean?
 Quoth Andrew, 'Honest English let us speak;
 Your emble—(what d'ye call 't?) is Heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence;
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
 That busy fool I was which thou art now,
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how;

With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit:
 I for this conduct had what I deserved,
 And, dealing honestly, was almost starved.
 But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,
 Since I have found the secret to be great.
 'O dearest Andrew, (says the humble droll)
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill.'—
 'Bow then (says Andrew) and, for once; I will.—
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
 Sleep very much; think little, and talk less:
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
 But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.'
 A reverend prelate stopp'd his coach-and-six,
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks;
 But when he heard him give this golden rule,
 'Drive on, (he cried) this fellow is no fool.'

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS.

AD AMICOS.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
 Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samiisque superbus
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.
 Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;

¹ Walter Daniston was a schoolmaster, and a Latin poet; but these verses were written by Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, a celebrated Scottish physician.

Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
Vitæ faciles mollitè ire vias :
Vinaque cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo ;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli ;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis :
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis ;
Quique superstès, homo ; qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis
His me parentem præceptis occupet orcus,
Et mors ; seu divum, seu nihil esse velit ;
Nam Sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
Admonet, atque orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death ;
The parts dissolved, and broken frame, I mourn :
What came from earth, I see to earth return.
The immaterial part, the' æthereal soul,
Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control.
Glad I release it from its partner's cares,
And bid good angels waft it to the stars :
Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs
Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.

The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend :
But if opposed to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove ;
On its dark side if thou the prospect take,
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake ;
In total death suppose the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future sky ;
Yet bear thy lot content ; yet cease to grieve ;
Why ere death comes dost thou forbear to live ?
The little time thou hast 'twixt instant now
And Fate's approach, is all the gods allow ;
And of this little hast thou aught to spare
To sad reflection and corroding care ?
The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave.
The present hours in present mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy :
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were destined erst, nor can by Fate's decree
Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

A FRENCH SONG

IMITATED.

WHY thus from the plain does my shepherdess rove,
Forsaking her swain and neglecting his love ?
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
Oh ! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.
How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray ?
Need I tell what I mean that I languish alone !
When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis for
one.

THE

LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I, the other day,
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea ;
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost ;
And, on the surface of the deep
The winds lay, only not asleep :
The nymph did, like the scene, appear
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair ;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change ! the winds grow high ;
Impending tempests charge the sky ;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores :
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight,
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
' Once more, at least, look back, (said I)
Thyself in that large glass descry ;
When thou art in good humour dress'd,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun, upon the calmest sea,
Appears not half so bright as thee :
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love ;

I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.

‘ But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;
’Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deform’d by winds and dash’d by rain,
And the poor sailor that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

‘ Shipwreck’d, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back ;
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey :
Wretched when from thee, vex’d when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.’

THE LADY

WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

VENUS take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was ;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own,
But borrows from his neighbours’ hue
His white or black, his green or blue,

And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were intail
Settled on him and his heirs male ;
So the young squire, when first he comes
From country-school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman or a wit ;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang ;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue ;
He acts and talks as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If, haply, he the sect pursues
That read and comment upon news,
He takes up their mysterious face ;
He drinks his coffee without lace :
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before ;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit,
He loves cheap port and double bub,
And settles in the Hum-drum club :
He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;
Holds poverty the greatest vice ;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks Champagne among the wits ;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses,
Repeats you verses writ on glasses ;
Is in the chair, prescribes the law,
And lies with those he never saw.

THE FLIES.

' SAY, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot pole
Cries out) what blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive ?'
' Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t' other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I ?'
' My judgment turn'd the whole debate.'
' My valour saved the sinking state.'
So talk two idle buzzing things,
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
But let the truth to light be brought,
This neither spoke, nor t' other fought ;
No merit in their own behaviour ;
Both raised, but by their party's favour.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflamed :

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

' Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails, forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

' Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

' What has she better, pray, than I ?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

' Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try :
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

' I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall :
They'll grieve I was not loosed before ;
She, I was loosed at all.'

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way :
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

THE
WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO
SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BART.

Postmaster and Paymaster General to Queen Anne.

WILL Pigot must to Coxwould¹ go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unless Sir Thomas say, 'No, no,
The' allowance is too scant.'

The gracious knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat;
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good;
Who diets thus need never fear
A fever in the blood.

Gra'mercy, sirs, ye're in the right;
Prescriptions all can sell;
But he that does not eat can't sh—,
Or p—s, if good drink fail.

But pass—The Esculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their fast.

¹ Twelve miles north of the city of York.

Could Yorkshire-tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame,
To starve thou dost him drive.

In Will's old master's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be bless'd,
What need of speaking in his praise?
His goodness stands confess'd.

At his famed gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be;
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is she.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the Pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan;
O Frankland, it is thee!

Oh! save him from a dreary way;
To Coxwould he must hie;
Bereft of thee he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'st command,
Thus William's wishes crown.

NONPAREIL.

LET others from the Town retire,
 And in the fields seek new delight;
 My Phillis does such joys inspire,
 No other objects please my sight.

In her alone I find whate'er
 Beauties a country landscape grace;
 No shade so lovely as her hair,
 Nor plain so sweet as is her face.

Lilies and roses there combine,
 More beauteous than in flowery field;
 Transparent is her skin so fine,
 To this each crystal stream must yield.

Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
 Though sung by nightingale or lark;
 Her eyes such lustre dart around,
 Compared to them the sun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give,
 Cherish'd by them my love takes root;
 From her kind looks does life receive,
 Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
 The common parent of mankind,
 And made transgress our mother Eve;
 Poison its core, though fair its rind.

Yet so delicious is its taste,
 I cannot from the bait abstain;
 But to the' enchanting pleasure haste,
 Though I were sure 'twould end in pain.

THE

DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains ;
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow !)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came :
His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
He mingled his concern with theirs ;
He gave them back their friendly tears ;
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
And she, too, kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe :
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd raised his mournful head ;
' And will you pardon me, (he said)
 While I the cruel truth reveal,
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell ?

' 'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
 You are the cause of all my care :
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart ;
 I love, and I despair.'

' Too much, Alexis, I have heard :
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
And yet I pardon you, (she cried)
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows or speak your pain :—
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

THE

OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam first began,
None but ungodly Whiston doubts ;
And that his son and his son's son
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right ;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection ;
By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Anstis by election.

Kingsale ! eight hundred years have roll'd
Since thy forefathers held the plough ;
When this in story shall be told,
Add, that my kindred do so now.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, 1696.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
 And in one day atone for the business of six,
 In a little Dutch chaise, on a Saturday night,
 On my left hand my Horace, a w— on my right:
 No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move,
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
 For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee;
 This night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine,
 To good or ill fortune the third we resign:
 Thus scorning the world, and superior to Fate,
 I drive on my car in processional state;
 So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode,
 Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
 In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
 By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
 When the Hague and the present are both on my
 side;

And is it enough for the joys of the day,
 To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
 When good Vandergoes and his provident vrow,
 As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow
 That, search all the province, you'll find no man
 dar is

So bless'd as the *Englischen heer Secretar*' is.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON PART OF THE LXXXVIIIITH PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie;
 Accursed I am while God rejects my cry.
 O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan,
 And every place is hell, for God is gone.
 O Lord, arise ! and let thy beams control
 Those horrid clouds that press my frightened soul :
 Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
 Thou that art the God of light.

Downward I hasten to my destined place;
 There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
 Soon shall I lie in Death's deep ocean drown'd :
 Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found ?
 O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;
 Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land :
 O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,
 Thou that art the God of power.

Behold the prodigal ! to thee I come,
 To hail my father, and to seek my home.
 Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
 Straying in vice, and destitute of God.
 O let thy terrors and my anguish end !
 Be thou my refuge, and be thou my friend :
 Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
 Thou that art the God of love.

TWO RIDDLES, 1710.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get,
Unless his ready wit disclosed
The subtle riddle she proposed.

Cedipus was resolved to go
And try what strength of parts would do ;
Says Sphinx, 'On this depends your fate :
Tell me what animal is that
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night ?'
'Tis Man, (said he) who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four ; as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two ;
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.

'Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What greater stranger yet is he
Who has four legs, then two, then three ;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four ?'

ON BEAUTY.

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Chloe, what is this,
Or forfeit me one precious kiss :
'Tis the first offspring of the Graces,
Bears different forms in different places ;

Acknowledged fine where'er beheld,
Yet fancied finer when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm,
Pandora's box of good and harm ;
'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream,
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme :
This guided Theseus through the maze,
And sent him home with life and praise ;
But this undid the Phrygian boy,
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy :
This show'd great kindness to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece :
This through the East just vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor Anthony the world :
Injured, though Lucrece found her doom,
This banish'd tyranny from Rome :
Appeased, though Lais gain'd her hire,
This set Persepolis on fire :
For this Alcides learn'd to spin,
His club laid down, and lion's skin :
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With servile care, a mortal's sheep ;
For this the Father of the gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's swan :
For this he reassumes the nod,
(While Semele commands the god)
Launches the bolt, and shakes the poles,
Though Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.
Here listening Chloe smiled and said,
' Your riddle is not hard to read :
I guess it '—' Fair one, if you do,
Need I, alas ! the theme pursue ?

For this, thou seest, for this I leave
Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,
Ambition, business, friendship, news,
My useful books, and serious Muse.
For this I willingly decline
The mirth of feasts and joys of wine,
And choose to sit and talk with thee,
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, of flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.'

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LORD HIGH TREASURER. 1712.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace in Duke-street,
To try, for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, wearied with the great affairs
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant from his soul
Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl,
Among the guests which e'er my house
Received, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorset used to bless the roof.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700,

IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe,
When or on post-horse or in chaise,
With much expense and little ease,
My destined miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own ;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable,
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire or want ;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down and think, and die in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres ;
This number, sure, they may allow,
For pasture ten, and ten for plough ;
'Tis all that I would wish or hope,
For me, and John, and Nell, and Crop.

Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not Fortune spoil the jest)
To those who at the market-rate
Can barter honour for estate.

Now if thou grant'st me my request,
To make thy votary truly bless'd,
Let cursed Revenge, and saucy Pride,
To some bleak rock far off be tied,

Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
To tempt me to be base and great.

And, Goddess, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her son
(Wherever else she lets him rove)
To shun my house, and field, and grove;
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.

Hear, gracious Rhea, what I say,
And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE,
AFTER THE PEACE, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities and of courts, of books and men,
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages, thus, I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short-lived verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain, with a gracious smile,
Accept the work, and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferred,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world where Montaigne
err'd.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF
MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited ;
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds
What beggar in the invalids,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray
Or any monarch he has written?

'Tis strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain,
And feel the ill, yet shun the cure ;—
Can sense this paradox endure !
Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry ;
And he who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN
THE NOUVEAUX INTERETS
DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLESS'D be the princes who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion ;
Since by their error we are taught
That happiness is but opinion.

WRITTEN IN AN OVID.

OVID is the surest guide
You can name to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who resolves to go astray.

VERSES

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA-CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY,
COUNTESS OF OXFORD, IN THE LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, NOV. 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses' seat,
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait)
Hail thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour and most welcome guest:
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir,
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex

Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
 And their great followers whom this House has
 To study lessons from thy morals given, [bred,
 And shining characters impress'd by Heaven.
 Science in books no longer we pursue,
 Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
 For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
 We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring
 To the kind memory of some bounteous king:
 With grateful hand due altars let them raise
 To some good knight's, or holy prelate's praise;
 We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
 Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
 Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
 Enjoin'd by statute, to the Fair we bow;
 In spite of time we keep our ancient vow;
 What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley
 now.

ON A PICTURE

OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH. BY JORDAIN.

AT THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF EXETER'S
 AT BURLEIGH-HOUSE.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
 The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
 By study worn, and slack with age,
 How dull, how thoughtless, is his rage!
 Heighten'd revenge he should have took;
 He should have burn'd his tutor's book,
 And long have reign'd supreme in vice;
 One nobler wretch can only rise;

'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The Stoic's image in this piece ;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work, and Seneca's, remain ;
He still has body, still has soul,
And lives and speaks, restored and whole.

ON SEEING THE

DUKE OF ORMOND'S PICTURE

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injured canvass, Kneller, strike
These lines, too faint ; the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again :
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke : impendent in the air
Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
Where'er it points denouncing death : below
Draw routed squadrons, and the numerous foe
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow ;
Till weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
He faints : his steed no longer feels the rein,
But stumbles o'er the heap his hand had slain¹.
And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies,
Lovely, sad object ! in his half-closed eyes
Stern Vengeance yet and hostile Terror stand :
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call,
Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.—

¹ After his horse was shot under him, and he had received many wounds, the Duke of Ormond was taken prisoner at the battle of Landen.

O Kneller! could thy shades and lights express
 The perfect hero in that glorious dress,
 Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
 And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow;
 In spite of time thy work might ever shine,
 Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

 UPON THIS

PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA,

*Les Allemands ne se soucient pas quel vin ils boivent, pourveu
 que ce soit vin; ni quel Latin ils parlent, pourveu que ce soit
 Latin.*

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
 Expect false Latin and stum'd wine:
 They never taste, who always drink;
 They always talk, who never think.

 ON MY BIRTH-DAY,

JULY 21.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
 So all my jolly comrades say;
 They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my birth.
 Little, alas! my comrades know
 That I was born to pain and woe,
 To thy denial, to thy scorn;
 Better I had ne'er been born:
 I wish to die even whilst I say,
 'I, my dear, was born to-day.'

I, my dear, was born to-day ;
Shall I salute the rising ray ?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda ! thou alone dost know :
Shall the wreath surround my hair ?
Or shall the music please my ear ?
Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live ?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face ;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
'Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.'

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade,
As Chloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desired to rest ;
Over her paps his wings he spread,
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god: the nymph, surprised,
Yet, mistress of herself, devised
How she the vagrant might enthrall,
And captive him who captives all.

Her bodice half way she unlaced,
About his arms she slyly cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

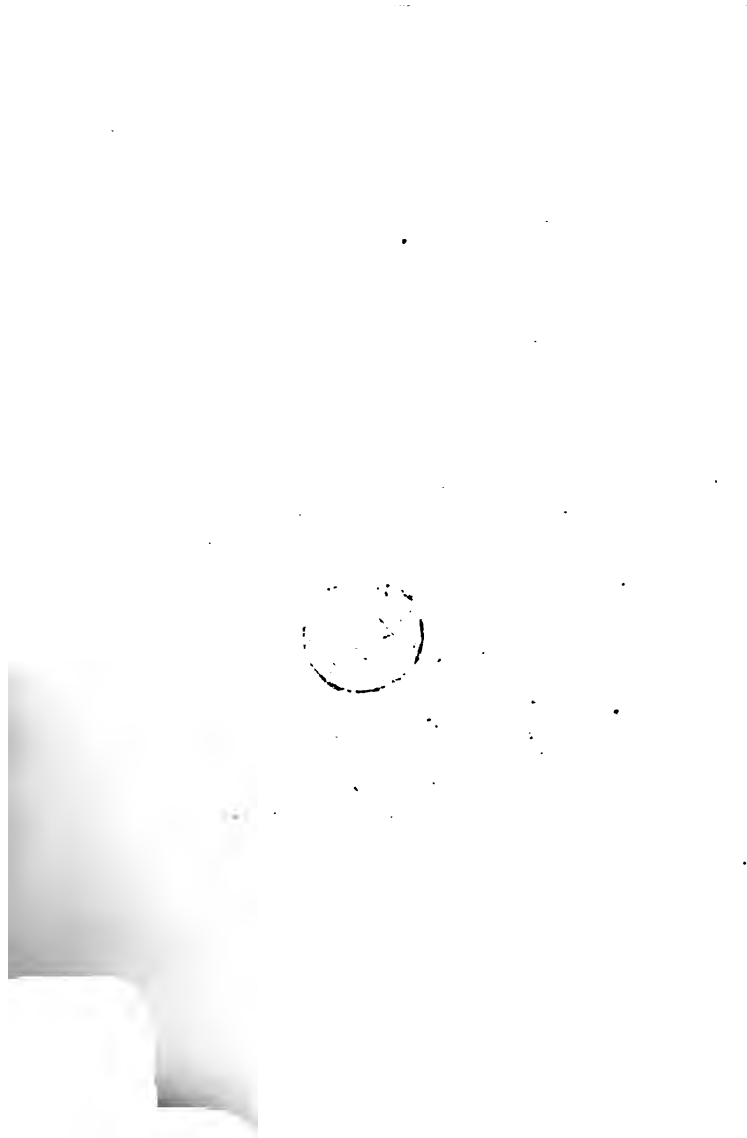
The god awaked, and thrice, in vain,
He strove to break the cruel chain :
And thrice, in vain, he shook his wing,
Encumber'd in the silken string.



Drawn by B. Cook

Engraved by L. Schiavonetti

*Published at the Theatre by John Sharpe,
Printed by*



Fluttering the god, and weeping, said,
' Pity poor Cupid, generous Maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way;
Who stray'd, alas ! but knew, too well,
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy prisoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.'

' To me pertains not (she replies)
To know or care where Cupid flies ;
What are his haunts, or which his way,
Where he would dwell, or whither stray ;
Yet will I never set thee free,
For harm was meant, and harm to me.'

' Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart ;
I'll give thee up my bow and dart,
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.'

' Agreed : secure my virgin heart ;
Instant give up thy bow and dart ;
The chain I'll in return untie,
And freely thou again shalt fly.'
Thus she the captive did deliver,
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The god disarm'd, e'er since that day
Passes his life in harmless play ;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead,
Directs his arrows as she wills,
Gives grief or pleasure, spares or kills.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Chloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began, ' Where so long could you stay?
In your lifetime you never regarded your hour;
You promised at two, and (pray look, child)'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—'
Thus far I went on with a resolute air:
' Lord bless me! (said she) let a body but speak;
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck;
It has hurt me and vex'd me to such a degree—
See here, for you never believe me; pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made.'
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A Pastoral.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER¹.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,
And rising night the evening shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flowers reviving odours yield,

¹ Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. It has been said that Prior once paid his addresses to this lady.

Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muses may indite :
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear
Lest any swain our amorous secrets hear.

SYLV. To every shepherd I would mine proclaim,
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme :
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove,
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMAR. Propitious god of love, my breast in-
spire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire ;
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring,
Whilst I, thy darling, thy Alexis, sing ;
Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air :
For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns ;
Nor to the echoing groves and whispering spring
In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing,
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the superior song approves.

SYLV. Beauteous Aminta is as early light
Breaking the melancholy shades of night :
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In every breast the beauteous nymph inspires :
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on ; the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees :
In vain the birds begin their evening song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong ;

Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field,
Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMAR. And in his absence, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray ;
All day, to the repeating caves, complain
In mournful accents and a dying strain :
' Dear lovely youth ! ' I cry to all around ;
' Dear lovely youth ! ' the flattering vales resound.

SYLV. On flowery banks, by every murmuring
stream,

Aminta is my Muse's softest theme :
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine ; [shine.
With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall

AMAR. I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis'
And consecrate to him eternal vows ; [brows,
The charming youth shall my Apollo prove ;
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

By Sylvia if thy charming self be meant ;
If friendship be thy virgin vows' extent,
O ! let me in Aminta's praises join,
Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair :
And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name ;
My heart shall own the justice of her cause,
And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.

But if beneath thy numbers' soft disguise
Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies ;

If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains,
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious and the lover kind ;
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure ;
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board.

But if, by chance, the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,
Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who, loving much, who, not beloved again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON 1 COR. CHAP. XIII.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounced or angel sung ;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach or science can define ;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth ;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire ;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law ;
Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;

A cymbal's sound were better than my voice ;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity ! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind ;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due reflection knows ;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more,
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live, [ceive.
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise re-

As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show ;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope ;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—

Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confess'd,
For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd.

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name,
(Not that light heap of tawdry wares
Of ermine, coronets, and stars,
Which often is by merit sought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;
The shade for which Ambition looks
In Selden's or in Ashmole's books)
But the true glory which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And kings can neither take nor give——

ADRIANI MORIENTIS

AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONS. FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu sache où tu vas :
Tu pars seulette, nuë, et tremblotante, hélas !
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne ?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats ?

IMITATED.

POOR, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hopest thou know'st not
what.

A PASSAGE IN THE
MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS.

IMITATED.

IN awful pomp and melancholy state,
See settled Reason on the judgment-seat;
Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,
And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care;
Far from the throne the trembling Pleasures stand,
Chain'd up or exiled by her stern command.
Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen,
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene;
And apish Folly, with her wild resort
Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court.

See the fantastic Minstrelsy advance
To breathe the song and animate the dance.
Bless'd the usurper! happy the surprise!
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear,
And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
Against our judgment she our sense employs,
The laws of troubled Reason she destroys;
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET them censure, what care I?
The herd of critics I defy:
Let the wretches know I write
Regardless of their grace or spite.

No, no : the fair, the gay, the young,
 Govern the numbers of my song :
 All that they approve is sweet,
 And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire :
 Venus, string thy servant's lyre ;
 Love shall be my endless theme ;
 Pleasure shall triumph over fame :
 And when these maxims I decline,
 Apollo, may thy fate be mine ;
 May I grasp at empty praise,
 And lose the nymph to gain the bays.

HORACE, LIB. I. EP. IX. IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. HARLEY¹.

Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus,
 Quanti me facias, &c.

DEAR Dick², howe'er it comes into his head,
 Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
 That you and I, sir, are extremely great,
 Though I plain Mat, you minister of state.
 ' One word from me, without all doubt, (he says)
 Would fix his fortune in some little place.'
 Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows
 How far my interest with my patron goes,
 And answering all objections I can make,
 Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

¹ Afterwards Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

² Richard Shelton, Esq. whom Mr. Prior, in his will, calls his dear friend and companion,

From this wild fancy, sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by,
And make my reason with his will comply;
Hoping, for my excuse, 'twill be confess'd
That of two evils I have chose the least.
So, sir, with this epistolary scroll
Receive the partner of my inmost soul;
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert; firm to his country's cause;
Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

ENIGMA.

By birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
I'm obliged by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master and lie with his wife.
When men are a gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them
take.

Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds though ne'er so well set.
For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off your lands from your hands;
But this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your
own hearts.

ENIGMA.

FORM'D half beneath and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth ;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move as they are straiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground ;
They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

CANTATA.

SET BY MONS. GALLIARD,

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade,
His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
Horace, immortal bard ! supinely laid,
To Venus thus address'd the song ;
Ten thousand little Loves around,
Listening dwelt on every sound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms ;
Youth on silent wings is flown ;
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age unfit for arms :
Safe and humble let me rest,
From all amorous care released.
Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.



Engraved by H. G. G. G.

Engraved by J. G. G. G.

Published 18th August 1861, by John Sharpe
Piccadilly.



RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Chloe's hair ?
Why, why do I all day lament and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh ?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Through flowery meads and crystal streams ?

RECIT.

Thus sung the bard, and thus the goddess spoke ;
' Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke :
Every state, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage :
Compell'd by me thy Muse shall prove
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

' Bid thy destined lyre discover
Soft desire and gentle pain :
Often praise, and always love her ;
Through her ear her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her ;
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.'

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel and walls of brass :
The reason of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party,
And show'd himself sincere and hearty ;

For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my lord chief justice' warrant;
Dauntless as Death, away he walks,
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks,
Searches the parlour, chamber, study,
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth,
' Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make *us* less curious, *her* less fair?
To spy which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?

' Your care does further yet extend;
That spy is guarded by your friend—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust,
Which make him wretched to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill used by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?

‘ Sir, will your questions never end ?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face.’—‘ She ’ll write.’—
‘ From pen and paper she’s debarr’d.’—
‘ Has she a bodkin and a card ?
She ’ll prick her mind.’—‘ She will, you say ;
But how shall she that mind convey ?
I keep her in one room ; I lock it ;
The key (look here) is in this pocket.’
‘ The key-hole, is that left ?’—‘ Most certain.’—
‘ She ’ll thrust her letter through, Sir Martin.’
‘ Dear angry friend, what must be done ?
Is there no way ?’—‘ There is but one.
Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this mingled mass which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau ;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears, and real perjuries ;
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told ;
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin’d beauty share ;
And youth, seduced from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men ;
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run,
Receive her with extended arms ;
Seem more delighted with her charms ;
Wait on her to the park and play ;
Put on good humour ; make her gay ;

Be to her virtues very kind ;
Be to her faults a little blind :
Let all her ways be unconfined,
And clap your Padlock—on her mind.'

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Labin lies,
His spouse is in despair :
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

' A different cause, (says Parson Sly)
The same effect may give ;
Poor Labin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.'

ANOTHER.

FROM her own native France as old Alison pass'd,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with
malice,
That the slattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eyebrows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eyebrow box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oft'nest cross'd)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
Her careless but afflicted maid :

‘ Put me to bed, then, wretched Jane ;
Alas ! when shall I rise again ?
I can behold no mortal now,
For what’s an eye without a brow ?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries ;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear piquet-allies :
Unless she finds her eyebrows,
She’ll e’en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was just slipp’d into bed,
Her eyebrows on the toilet lay,
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated ;
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow ;
If we don’t catch a mouse to-night,
Alas ! no eyebrows for to-morrow.

A TRUE MAID.

' No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, (says Rose) I'll die.'
' Behind the elms, last night, (cried Dick)
Rose, were you not extremely sick ?'

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunned with the
noise ;
But when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her
once squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your
lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

' FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin,'
Says wise Professor Vander Bruin.
By flames a house I hired was lost
Last year, and I must pay the cost.

This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground,
 And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
 A slave I am to Clara's eyes ;
 The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
 Fire, water, woman, are my ruin ;
 And great thy wisdom, Vander Bruin.

 A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tinman's shop ?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage
 In jumping round a rolling cage ;
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,
 Striking a ring of bells a-top ?—
 Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs ;
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.
 So fares it with those merry blades
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
 In noble songs and lofty odes
 They tread on stars, and talk with gods ;
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleased with their own verses' sound ;
 Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
 Always aspiring, always low.

A FLOWER.

PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
 Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view :
 Finding the painter's science at a stand,
 The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
 And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
 ' Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.'

A CASE STATED.

' Now how shall I do with my love and my pride,
 Dear Dick, give me counsel, if friendship has any.'
 ' Prithee purge, or let blood, (surly Richard re-
 plied)
 And forget the coquette in the arms of your
 Nanny.'

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserved
 For the pains and the torments for more than a
 year,
 She look'd in an almanack, whence she observed
 That it wanted a fortnight to Bartol'mew fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
 While my negligent judge only hears with her eye;
 In a long flaxen wig and embroider'd new coat,
 Her spark, saying nothing, talks better than I.

**A FABLE,
FROM PHÆDRUS.**

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDLEY.

1710.

THE fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round ;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say,
' What noble part can'st thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain ?'

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell !
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

' WHAT a frail thing is beauty !' says Baron le Crass,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass ;
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she, more confused as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage proved the maxim too true ;
She dropp'd the eye, and broke it.

**QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE
QUÆRERE.**

WHAT to-morrow shall disclose
May spoil what you to-night propose :
England may change, or Chloe stray ;
Love and life are for to-day.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this and blaming that,
' Tell me, (she said) but tell me true,
The nymph who could your heart subdue,
What sort of charms does she possess ?
' Absolve me, fair-one, I'll confess
With pleasure,' I replied : ' Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd ;
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen :
Her eyes are neither black nor grey,
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray ;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes nor No.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May say how red, how round, how sweet :
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and soft delight :
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smiled, and Hebe spoke.'—
The gipsy, turning to her glass,
Too plainly show'd she knew the face :
' And which am I most like, (she said)
Your Chloe or your Nut-brown maid ?

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE

WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that Fortune long has wanted sight,
 And therefore pardon'd when she did not right;
 But yet till then it never did appear
 That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear.
 I begged that she would give me leave to lose,
 A thing she does not commonly refuse.
 Two matadores are out against my game,
 Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same
 Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,
 Whereas I only ask in one to gain;
 Yet she still contradicting gifts imparts,
 And gives success in every suit—but hearts.

 ENGRAVEN ON
THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE LAMP¹,

GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

MAT. PRIOR.

ANTIQUAM hanc lampadem
 E Museo Colbertino allatam,
 Domino Harleo inter Κειμηλια sua
 Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

¹ This lamp was formerly Cardinal Mazarine's, then Colbert's, from whom it descended to his son, the Count Segnelai, of whom Prior is said to have procured it for 400 Louis d'or, as a present to his patron Lord Oxford. It afterwards came into the possession of Dr. Chauncy, and at the sale of his antiques, was purchased by the Duke of Portland for twenty-two guineas.

This lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian dame;
Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame.

Sperne dilectum Veneris sacellum,
Sanctius, lampas, tibi munus orno :
I fove casto vigil Harleianas
Igne camœnas.

ENGRAVEN ON A COLUMN IN THE
CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX,

THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING, WAS
REBUILT AT THE EXPENSE OF MR. S. FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure given
To buildings raised by common hands :
That fabric rises high as Heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our faith and hope declare ;
But charity, beyond our death,
Will ever in our works appear.

Best be he call'd among good men,
Who to his GOD this column raised ;
Though lightning strike the dome again,
The man who built it shall be praised.

Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains ;
And Faith and Hope themselves shall die,
While deathless Charity remains.

FOR THE
PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH ARE THE

EFFIGIES OF THE QUEEN ON A TRIUMPHAL ARCH ; THE FIGURE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BENEATH ; AND THE CHIEF RIVERS OF THE WORLD ROUND THE WHOLE WORK.

YE active streams ! where'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes and furthest nations know
 What ye from Thames and Danube have been
 taught,
 How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough
 fought.

' Quæcunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
 Divisis late terris, populisque remotis
 Dicite, nam vobis Tamesis narravit et Ister,
 Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.'

EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

SENECA.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone,
 Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run,

If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning pass'd, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and ate, good folks ; what then ?
Why, then they walk'd and ate again.
They soundly slept the night away ;
They did just nothing all the day :
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
They seem'd just tallied for each other.

 Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree ;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded ;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footmen did ;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid ;
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

 They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt ;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

 No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe :

No man's good deeds did they commend,
 So never raised themselves a friend.
 Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
 That might decrease their present store :
 Nor barn nor house did they repair ;
 That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;
 They neither wanted nor abounded.
 Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
 And wound their bottom round the year.
 Nor tear nor smile did they employ
 At news of public grief or joy.
 When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
 If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid :
 Their jug was to the ringers carried,
 Whoever either died or married :
 Their billet at the fire was found,
 Whoever was deposed or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
 They would not learn, nor could advise :
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
 They led—a kind of—as it were :
 Nor wish'd, nor cared, nor laugh'd, nor cried ;
 And so they lived, and so they died.

EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
 The son of Adam and of Eve :—
 Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher ?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As Doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention [care;
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine¹, pray, believe your own
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said, [eye;
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great
fears,

In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was
he!

¹ Alluding to the bust carved by the famous Coriveaux at Paris, on his monument in Westminster Abbey.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was
but dust.

This verse, little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view ;
It says, that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found ;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be
drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same :
And if passing thou givest him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, pr'ythee, be kind to his fame.

MISCELLANEA.

AD COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,

IN ANNUM INEUNTEM M.DC.LXXXIV.

AD JANUM.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora sertis,
Nestoreos poscant fœmina virque dies;
Casside depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
Janua sopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina fastu,
O! bene carminibus consule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
O! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies:
Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pœne dedisse parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam et laudatam ab expertis audivissem, et expertus ipse sæpissimè laudassem, et pudor et tristitia conscio mihi silentium indixissent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (et hæ mentiri nesciunt) perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læsi, sollicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, et obliteres crimen, ut non solùm ad condiscipulorum mensam, sed ad magistri gratiam restituatur, favoris tui studiosissimus. M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM AD EUNDEM.

IRATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
 Neglectas renovat mæsta Thalia preces;
 Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu;
 Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa fames!
 Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
 Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
 Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascis hiatum
 Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda sitim.
 Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
 Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.
 Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,
 Flet culicem esuriens qui satur arma canit.

26. Q

O si! Mæcenas major mihi riserit, O si
Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa
Inciperet præsul grandia, teque loqui.

‘ ——— DUM BIBIMUS ——— ’

OBREPIT NON INTELLECTA SENECTUS.’

SISTE mero bibulas effuso temporis alas,
Hesternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, et properans in funus necte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
Dum motu parili vinum et arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
Dat rosa de sertis lapsa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
Ut citiùs rumpat stamina, Bacchus adest.
Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrius orbem,
Occasum tremulo narrat adesse rubor.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI

THOMÆ SPRAT,

EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, &c.

Εὐδαίμωνι.

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnis,
 Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos ;
 Grandius eloquium meditare, Thalia, patronum
 Quem modò laudâsti, nunc venerare patrem.
 Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcîs ?
 Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem ?
 Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, aucte sacerdos,
 Impatiensque breves spernit utrumque modos.
 Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
 Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
 Suspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,
 Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas :
 Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,
 Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est :
 Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
 Palma viri decuit tempora, mitra senis.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

CUM voluntas regia, optimatum consensus, bonorumque omnium studia infulam merenti concesserint, ignoscas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi plausum cliens eò minus ad enarandum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, et tuos in ecclesiâ honores et ecclesiæ à tuis honoribus felicitatem festinet gratulari, favoris tui studiosissimus.

M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera divi,
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,
Et notum celebres, et mihi dulce decus.
O si te canerem, præsul venerabilis, O si
Fistula cum titulis cresceret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Musa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota super-
Imbelles humeros nobile lassat onus. [sunt?
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præsul
Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

CUM virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet et honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua benignitas, si minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benignissimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, summoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui studiosissimus. M. P.

‘QUICQUID VULT, VALDE VULT.’

DUM tingit Sículus solis cœlique meatus,
Astra polosque tuos quos sibi condit habet.
Nil facit instantis mortis bellicque tumultus ;
Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ ;
Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM.

TRITIGI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM, M.DC.LXXXIX.

LEMMA, ‘SUSTENTARE ET DEBELLARE.’

DUM tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes :
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I nostra Ceciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, et pelle leonibus hostem ;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines superes, atque imitère Deos.

A L M A :

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

In Three Cantos.

Πάντα γέλως, και πάντα κόνις, και πάντα το μηδεν'.
 Πάντα γαρ εξ αλογων εις τα γιγνομενα'

Lucert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW met Richard¹, when or where
 From story is not mighty clear:
 Of many knotty points they spoke,
 And *pro* and *con* by turns they took:
 Rats half the manuscript have ate;
 Dire hunger! which we still regret.
 O! may they ne'er again digest
 The horrors of so sad a feast:
 Yet less our grief, if what remains,
 Dear Jacob², by thy care and pains
 Shall be to future times convey'd:
 It thus begins:

* * * * Here Matthew said,

¹ Richard Shelton.² Jacob Tonson, the bookseller.

'Alma, in verse; in prose, the Mind;
By Aristotle's pen defined,
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is *bonâ fide*, all in all:
And yet, slap dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein;
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost,
While every where she rules the roast.

'This system, Richard, we are told
The men of Oxford firmly hold:
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply:
They say, (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

'Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses:
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles across the eyes,
By which the spirits bring her word
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd;
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends, now out of place.

'Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspired her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

‘ Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :
Could Alma else with judgment tell
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell ?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion ?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow ;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole ;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn what lord approaches.

‘ By nerves about our palate placed,
She likewise judges of the taste ;
Else (dismal thought !) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne,
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for citron-waters.

‘ Hence, too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear ;
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but the alarums which they beat.

‘ Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling,
(A thing she much delights to deal in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes’ and fingers’ ends ;
And these, in gratitude, again
Return their spirits to the brain ;
In which their figure being printed,
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma, inform’d, can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

‘ Thus while the judge gives different journeys
To country counsel and attorneys,

He on the bench in quiet sits
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home;
Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's bless'd dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

‘The scholars of the Stagyrte,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less :
The Mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain,
You grant, at least, she is extended,
Ergo, the whole dispute is ended :
For till to-morrow should you plead
From form and structure of the head,
The Mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole machine.
Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs we plainly see
Each in his way as brisk as he ?
For music, grant the head receives it,
It is the artist's hand that gives it ?
And though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies :
Even what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone ?

A foolish figure he must make,
Do nothing else but sleep and ache.
‘Nor matters it that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll;
Now we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
‘If, therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers and from toes;
Or toes or fingers, in this case,
Of numskull’s self should take the place;
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter;
And strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess that feeling lies all over.

‘Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first, and then the use:
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is moved by Chance alone.

‘A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he who durst such whims aver.

Bless'd, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late, in season.

'But no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild

To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child :

And no man ever reap'd his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,

Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.

Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse ?

Can'—'Pray, (says Dick) hold in your Muse ;

While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in alternate verse.'

'Verse ! (Mat replied) is that my care ?'

'Go on, (quoth Richard) soft and fair.'

'This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had

But exercised the salesman's trade ;

As if she haply had sat down

And cut out clothes for all the town ;

Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,

To try what persons they would fit ;

But every free and licensed tailor

Would in this thesis find a failure.

Should whims like these his head perplex,

How could he work for either sex ?

His clothes as atoms might prevail,

Might fit a pismire or a whale.

No, no : he views with studious pleasure

Your shape, before he takes your measure :

For real Kate he made the bodice,

And not for an ideal goddess.

No error near his shopboard lurk'd ;

He knew the folks for whom he work'd :

Still to their size he aim'd his skill,
Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
 'Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,
Observe how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes,
Your spectacles upon your toes;
Then you and Memmius shall agree
How nicely men would walk or see.

 'But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be opposed, to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same;
Our rivals' hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's³, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook;
And as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.

 'The commentators on old Ari-
Stotle ('tis urged) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
And to the poor apprentice' ear
The bells sound 'Whittington lord mayor.'
The conjurer thus explains his scheme;
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;

³ The fencing and riding-master.

North Britons thus have second sight,
And Germans, free from gunshot, fight.
‘Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest, that if their comments find
The traces of their master’s mind,
Alma can ne’er decay nor die:
This flatly t’other sect deny;
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The tenets of their master’s book,
And hold that Alma yields her breath,
O’ercome by age, and seized by death.
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two stools;
The more she reads the more perplex’d,
The comment ruining the text;
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

‘These different systems, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see
Were only form’d to disagree.
Now to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink’s effusion,
Let me propose an healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream;
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus;
How many would admire our toil,
And yet how few would comprehend us!
‘Here, Richard, let my scheme commence:
Oh! may my words be lost in sense,

While pleased Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

' My simple system shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes ;
That then she mounts, by just degrees,
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees ;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs ;
And, all these under regions pass'd,
She nestles somewhere near the waist ;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter :
Mature, if not improved by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb ;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.'

' From the feet upward to the head,—
Pithy, and short (says Dick) proceed.'

' Dick, this is not an idle notion :
Observe the progress of the motion.
First I demonstratively prove,
That feet were only made to move ;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.

' Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl ;
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close,
Lest Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunned at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case,
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.

‘ Again, as she grows something stronger,
And master’s feet are swath’d no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his loco-motive tricks,
These first assaults fat Kate repays him,
When half-asleep she overlays him.

‘ Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broomstaff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride,
Till thoughtful father’s pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With supplemental hobbyhorses,
And happy be their infant courses !

‘ Hence for some years they ne’er stand still;
Their legs, you see, direct their will;
From opening morn till setting sun
Around the fields and woods they run;
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can say.

‘ To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With sympathetic power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stoolball seen;
While John for ninepins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
Both legs and arms spontaneous move,
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

‘ Another motion now she makes:
O, need I name the seat she takes?
His thought quite changed the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;

Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly :
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves :
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires and raging pains.
The nymph, too, longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains and sighs for one :
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove ;
Their parley but augments their love :
So to the priest their case they tell ;
He ties the knot, and all goes well.

‘ But, O my Muse, just distance keep,
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine month’s time the bodice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confined,
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence ;
So from the middle of the world
The sun’s prolific rays are hurl’d ;
’Tis from that seat he darts those beams
Which quicken earth with genial flames.’

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here stroked his chin and cock’d his hat,
Then slapped his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word :
‘ Love’s advocates, sweet sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign’d him.’
‘ Love’s advocates, Dick, who are those ?’—
‘ The poets, you may well suppose.

I'm sorry, sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prosemen alone, for private ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius,
If he may be allow'd to teach us :
The self-same thing soft Ovid says,
(A proper judge in such a case.)
Horace's phrase is *torret jecur*,
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil, too, has placed this passion ;
What signifies too long quotation ?
In ode and epic plain the case is,
That Love holds one of these two places.'

' Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.

' First, poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please :
Matter and figure they produce,
For garnish this, and that for use ;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests :
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roast beef and venison is your fare ;
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard :
But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel,
Help only to adorn the meal ;
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours,
But only smells the peel and flowers ;

And he must be an idle dreamer
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

‘ That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none ;
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That heaven is placed in Celia’s eyes ?
Or where’s the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral ?

‘ Your Horace owns he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit ;
And where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted :
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

‘ Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancied mother ;
Calls her great queen of earth and air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her ;
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.
Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin’s cheats, or Cæsar’s merits.

‘ Nor e’er can Latin poets prove,
Where lies the real seat of Love :

Jecur they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse;
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say one was long, and t' other short.
Thus I presume the British Muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater;
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's heart;
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure he must transfix the liver:
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.
 ' But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose,
Anatomists can make it clear
The liver minds his own affair;
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices;
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide:
Else we should want both gibe and satire,
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness,
And love is all delight and sweetness:
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same;
And he, methinks, is no great scholar
Who can mistake desire for choler.
 ' The like may of the heart be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those whose hearts are loose and low
Start, if they hear but the tattoo:

And mighty physical their fear is,
For soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches:
But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high,
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very corslets beat,
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.

‘ Now if ’tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itself exert,
’Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire and fell debate?
Must people only take delight in
Those hours when they are tired with fighting?
And has no man but who has kill’d
A father, right to get a child?
These notions, then, I think but idle,
And Love shall still possess the middle.

‘ This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover;
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage,
He grows dispirited and low,
He hates the fight and shuns the foe.

‘ In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tallboy, wept;
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the parson’s daughter.

‘ Antonius fled from Actium’s coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:

His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, revered and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd,
While England's voice and Warwick's care
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,
Changed peace and power for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears,

' France's Fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estree ;
When quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent,
Disguised, o'er hills and valleys went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame,
And in his pleasure lost his fame.

' Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love ;
And bolder he who dares aver
That they were enemies to war :
Yet when their thought should, now or never,
Have raised their heart or fired their liver,
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which Love more justly calls his own.

' Examples I could cite you more,
But be contented with these four :
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome ;
The other two grew nearer home :
For some in ancient books delight,
Others prefer what moderns write ;
Now I should be extremely loath
Not to be thought expert in both.'

CANTO II.

‘ BUT shall we take the Muse abroad
To drop her idly on the road,
And leave our subject in the middle,
As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue:
His noble negligences teach
What others’ toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If after some distinguish’d leap
He drops his pole and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length:
With wonder you approve his sleight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright:
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False mimic of my master’s dance;
Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.
‘ My preface tells you I digress’d:
He’s half absolved who has confess’d.’
‘ I like, (quoth Dick) your simile,
And, in return, take two from me.
As masters in the *clair-obscuré*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they spread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet from these colours oddly mix’d
Your sight upon the whole is fix’d—

Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
And things are best as most contrary ;
The gown with stiff embroidery shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining ;
The out, if Indian figure stain,
The inside must be rich and plain—
So you, great authors, have thought fit
To make digression temper wit :
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air :
To break their points, you turn their force,
And furbelow the plain discourse.'

' Richard, (quoth Mat) these words of thine
Speak something sly and something fine ;
But I shall e'en resume my theme,
However thou may'st praise or blame.

' As people marry now and settle,
Fierce Love abates his usual mettle ;
Worldly desires and household cares
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs :
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges ;
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,
And country-seat near Bansted Down ;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors ;
In t' other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

' And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tired and stupid :

For story and experience tell us
That man grows cold, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure ;
He sighs for freedom, she for power :
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And her's to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below ;
But, in the breast encamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autum lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her,
By codicil, a larger jointure :
The woman finds it all a trick
That he could swoon when she was sick,
And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-eyed Susan for his second.
 ' Thus having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires and real fears,
And tired with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies ;
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.
 ' Poltis, that generous king of Thrace
I think was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy, while Poltis sat
In quiet governing his state.
" And whence, (said the pacific king)
Does all this noise and discord spring ?"

"Why, Paris took Atrides' wife."—

"With ease I could compose this strife :

The injured hero should not lose,

Nor the young lover want, a spouse.

But Helen changed her first condition,

Without her husband's just permission.

What from the dame can Paris hope ?

She may as well from him elope.

Again, How can her old good man

With honour take her back again ?

From hence I logically gather

The woman cannot live with either.

Now I have two right honest wives,

For whose possession no man strives :

One to Atrides I will send,

And the' other to my Trojan friend.

Each prince shall thus with honour have

What both so warmly seem to crave ;

The wrath of gods and man shall cease,

And Poltis live and die in peace."

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,

Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

' Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,

(Take this by way of corollary)

Some limbs she finds the very same

In place, and dignity, and name ;

These dwell at such convenient distance,

That each may give his friend assistance.

Thus he who runs or dances, begs

The equal vigour of two legs ;

So much to both does Alma trust,

She ne'er regards which goes the first.

Teague could make neither of them stay,

When with himself he ran away.

The man who struggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm as well as right ;
For whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
The' other would take it wondrous ill
If in your pocket he lay still.
And when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, sir ; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede,
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.
 'Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not akin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than the' other executes the blow :
A stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.
 'The amorous eyes thus always go
A strolling for their friends below ;
For long before the squire and dame
Have *tête à tête* relieved their flame,

Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay, (authors say) at prayers.—

‘ The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets ; these declare
That both his hands were used to war ;
And from his two gilt spurs ’tis learn’d
His feet were equally concern’d :
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o’er the shield ?
Which shows the breast that plate was used to,
Had an ally right-arm to trust to ;
And by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confess’d
That there his eye took distant aim,
And glanced respect to that bright dame
In whose delight his hope was center’d,
And for whose glove his life he ventured ?

‘ Objections to my general System
May rise, perhaps, and I have miss’d them ;
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that !) and distance ;
Can prove that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion ;
That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail :
If neither side turn down or up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mahomet’s tomb, ’twixt earth and heaven.

‘ This, Richard, is a curious case :
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale ;
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice ;
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink,
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light ;
Then you prefer or A or B,
As lines and angles best agree ;
Your sense resolved, impels your will ;
She guides your hand—so drink your fill.

‘ Have you not seen a baker’s maid
Between two equal panniers sway’d ?
Her tallies useless lie and idle,
If placed exactly in the middle ;
But forced from this unactive state,
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.

‘ Now, Richard, this coercive force
Without your choice must take its course.
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the North,
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck’d in
To Henault’s vaults or Celia’s chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at Ombre or Basset)
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.

We sure in vain the cards condemn ;
Ourselves both cut and shuffled them :
In vain on Fortune's aid rely ;
She only is a stander-by.
Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey,
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But space and matter we should blame ;
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

‘ Thus to save further contradiction
Against what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare,
Deny it those bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulse wrought ;
Even saying that you think or walk,
How like a country squire you talk ?

‘ Mark then ;—Where fancy or desire
Collects the beams of vital fire,
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides ;
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chants the heavenly song ;
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand ;
Through Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone ;
And, void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Through the soft sex again she ranges,
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes :
Fair Alma, careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen,

While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again, fair Alma sits confess'd
On Florimel's experter breast,
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And, by concealing, speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows ;
When Jenny's stays are newly laced,
Fair Alma plays about her waist ;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round herself the centre.
 ' Again ; that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of Nature) .
Which most did Alma's passion move,
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confess'd,
And printed on the amorous breast.
 ' O Abelard ! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth ;
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song :
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune grieved,
With kind concern and skill has weaved-
A silken web, and ne'er shall fade
Its colours ; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That Love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,

And softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, bless'd the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

‘ Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack run from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole,
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker chair.
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.

‘ If, while the Mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg,
Old Madge bewitch'd, at sixty-one
Calls for Green Sleeves and Jumping Joan.
In public mask or private ball,
From Lincoln's Inn to Goldsmith's Hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with 'prentices and judges ;
In vain her children urge her stay,
And age or palsy bar the way :
But if those images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She still reviews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between ;
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her headknot cherry,
O'erheated with ideal rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page.

‘ If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipp’d up too soon into his tongue,
Pleased with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne’er lie still :
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it he’ll confute :
Change sides, and you increase your pain ;
For he’ll confute you back again :
For one may speak with Tully’s tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong ;
And ’tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse
To plead bad causes down to worse ;
As dames who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.
‘ Again ; if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which heaven shield my lovely lass !)
For evermore all care is vain
That would bring Alma down again.
As in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet ;
So if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife,
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.
‘ You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick ;

She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental powers ;
Described our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation ;
And, lest I should be wearied, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

' But we'll descant on general nature ;
This is a system, not a satire.

' Turn we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat, and drink ;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and pass'd,
In Alma's manners you may read .
The place where she was born and bred.

' One people from their swaddling-bands
Released their infants' feet and hands :
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk :
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.

' Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands ;
As men reposed their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.

' In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats,

Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion :
Men there in breeches clad you view ;
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears ;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.

‘ In our fantastic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair,
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed :
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet :
With downcast looks on Totta’s legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love ;
And if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.

‘ We simple toasters take delight
To see our women’s teeth look white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet
Except their snaggs are black as jet :
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *ivory teeth*.

‘ At Tonquin, if a prince should die,
(As Jesuits write, who never lie)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who served him most and loved him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.

In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.

‘ Now turn we to the farthest East,
And there observe the gentry dress'd.
Prince Giolo and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters,
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within :
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great,
As each excels in birth or state ;
Her eyelet-holes are more and ampler ;
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show ;
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is clothed for life.

‘ Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear :
Before you see, you smell your toast,
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes.
How sleek their skins ! their joints how easy !
There slovens only are not greasy.

‘ I mention'd different ways of breeding :
Begin we in our children's reading.
To Master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread,
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter ;
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells and gnaws from left to right.
But show a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,

The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*:
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserved at last.

‘An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
(Look in his index for Pagelli)
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly longboat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land,
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care;
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted;
And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.

‘Observe how Custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behaved herself amongst the men;
Pleased with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl,
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace.—

‘To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.

What parts gay France from sober Spain ?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o' the hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward, curious, take thy way ;
Thy way, unhappy, shouldst thou take
From Tiber's bank to Leman-lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore :
Thy sex is lost ; thy town is gone ;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
 ' But need we, friend, insist on this ?
Since in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic or true believer,
On this or t' other side a river.'
 Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
' Your proofs come mighty full and thick—'
 The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued : ' Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter sky ;
Cast it by daylight on the strand
Which compasses fair Albion's land ;
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,

Into these common places look
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected :
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read :
For, standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My System, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite and death.'

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Roused, nor would longer silence keep ;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his twofold hedge of teeth.
Now if this phrase too harsh be thought,
Pope, tell the world 'tis not my fault ;
Old Homèr taught us thus to speak :
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

' As folks, (quoth Richard) prone to leasing,
Say things at first because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive them,
And, oft repeating, they believe them ;
Or as, again, those amorous blades
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire,

Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,—
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door,
But by the flattering glass of Nature
Viewing themselves in Cakebread's feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport—
Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares ;
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure,
Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget :
And pleased to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true :
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.'

Quoth Matthew ; ' Friend, as far as I
Through Art or Nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach and t' other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought ;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand ;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refused to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres,
Denied all transmigrating scènes,
And introduced the use of beans.

From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Descartes his subtile matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force?
How could our chymic friends go on
To find the philosophic stone,
If you more powerful reasons bring
To prove that there is no such thing?

' Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts :
They find she giddy is, or dull,
She doubts if things are void or full ;
And who should be presumed to tell
What she herself should see or feel ?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must ;
To which of these must Alma trust ?
Nay, further yet they make her go,
In doubting if she doubts or no.
Can syllogism set things right ?
No ; majors soon with minors fight ;
Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
The consequence limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him how much she knows ;
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended ;
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the account the loser brings,
The conjuror knows who stole the things.'

' Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning men?'

' Dear Dick, (quoth Mat) let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse :

I tell thee this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant, though few can spell.
You tell your doctor that you're ill,
And what does he but write a bill?

Of which you need not read one letter ;
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better :
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.

' Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three different sects :
Substance or accident divides
All Europe into adverse sides.

' Now as, engaged in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause,
In philosophic matters so
Your judgment must with others go :
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

' Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :
With panting haste and quick surprise,
From every leaf that stirs she flies,
Till mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd,
And now exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead ;

As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.¹

‘ He, then, (quoth Dick) who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;

As party-man who leaves the rest,
Is call’d but whimsical¹ at best.

Now, by your favour, Master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.

I must be listed in your sect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect.’

‘ Right, Richard, (Mat in triumph cried)
So put off all mistrust and pride;

And while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.

Believe what friendly I advise;
Be first secure, and then be wise.

The man within the coach that sits,
And to another’s skill submits,

Is safer much (whate’er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.

‘ So, Dick Adept, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear

Remarks, which none did e’er disclose
In smooth-paced verse, or hobbling prose.

Attend, dear Dick, but don’t reply,
And thou may’st prove as wise as I.

‘ When Alma now in different ages
Has finish’d her ascending stages,

Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,

To judge of things, and censure wits.

‘ Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!

¹ Some of the Tories in the reign of Queen Anne were distinguished by that appellation.

Surprise my readers, whilst I tell them
Of *cerebrum* and *cerebellum* !
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater* !
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get,
And with incessant toil and strife
Would keep possession during life !
I could demonstrate every pore
Where Memory lays up all her store,
And to an inch compute the station
Twixt judgment and imagination :
O friend ! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells,
In each some active fancy dwells,
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous' dome,
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry :
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour ;
Each—Whilst this thesis I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty theme affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected !'



' My head ! (quoth Dick) to serve your whim ?
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of System,
Wise men propose, but fools assist them.'

Says Matthew ; ' Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace, and I'll proceed.'

Made of twigs or wicker.

‘ Proceed ! (quoth Dick) Sir, I aver
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits ! must I believe,
Howe’er absurd, what you conceive,
And for your friendship live and die
A papist in philosophy ?
I say whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly ;
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise :
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber :
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food ;
And if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught :
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The strength design’d to ruin Troy,
He dined on lion’s marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition-bread ;
But by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet ;
Strange product of a eheesecake diet !
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way.

The youngster who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads, till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
He pays due visits after noon,
To Cousin Alice and Uncle John;
At ten, from coffeehouse or play,
Returning, finishes the day:
But give him port and potent sack,
From milksop he starts up Mohack;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the street at midnight scours;
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes;
Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.

' Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of watergruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar:
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons' fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane avoid, retire, and faint.

' Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words:

To push this argument no further,
To starve a man in law is murther.
‘ As in a watch’s fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen,
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour :
For though those gimcracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain ;
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces ;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e’en go sell the case—
So if, unprejudiced, you scan
The goings of this clockwork, Man ;
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head ;
But ’tis the stomach’s solid stroke
That tells his being what’s o’clock.
If you take off his rhetoric-trigger,
He talks no more in mood and figure ;
Or, clog his mathematic wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship-stands still :
Or, lastly, break his politic weight,
His voice no longer rules the state :
Yet if these finer whims were gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on ;
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma’s affairs no power can mend ;
The jest, alas ! is at an end ;

Soon ceases all this wordly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel³.

‘ Now make your Alma come or go,
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your System, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.

So Harlequin extoll’d his horse
Fit for the war, or road, or course ;
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod ;
One fault he had, a fault indeed ;
And what was that ? the horse was dead.’

‘ Dick, from these instances and fetches
Thou makest of horses, clocks, and watches,
(Quoth Mat) to me thou seem’st to mean
That Alma is a mere machine ;
That telling others what’s o’clock,
She knows not what herself has struck,
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark’d upon her dial.’

‘ Here hold ; a blow, good friend, (quoth Dick)
And raised his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, sir : what, I never meant
Don’t you infer. In argument
Similes are like songs in love :
They much describe, they nothing prove.’

Mat, who was here a little gravell’d,
Toss’d up his nose, and would have cavill’d ;
But calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleased, half angry, thus he said :
Where mind (’tis for the author’s fame) ,
That Matthew call’d, and Hermes came.

³ A popular undertaker, mentioned also by Garth, in his *Dispensary*.

In danger heroes, and in doubt,
Poets find gods to help them out.
‘ Friend Richard, I begin to see
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave ;
The more I grant, the more you crave :
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We system-makers can sustain
The thesis which you grant was plain,
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy :
But in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ;
And when no reason we can show
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny :
True to our own o’erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.
‘ That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was ;
Because he walk’d against his will,
He faced men down that he stood still.
And he who reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil’d by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him !) to assure us,
That all things which our mind can view
May be at once both false and true.
And Malbranche has an odd conceit
As ever enter’d Frenchman’s pate :

Says he, "So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess, at least, may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither."
Faith, Dick, I must confess 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*)
That many knotty points there are
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As Nature slyly had thought fit,
For some by-ends to cross-bite wit:
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble:
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
What system, Dick, has right averred
The cause why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these we must agree
Our barber knows as much as we:
Yet still unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our systems still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
'I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,
By dint of logic, strike thee mute;
With learned skill now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield, or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discoursed:
Yet that you, *hic et nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To show thee I assume the friend:

I'll take thy notion for my own—

(So most philosophers have done)

It makes my system more complete :

Dick, can it have a nobler fate ?

' Take what thou wilt, (said Dick) dear friend,

But bring thy matters to an end.'

' I find, (quoth Mat) reproof is vain ;

Who first offend will first complain.

Thou wishest I should make to shore,

Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.

What I have told thee fifty times

In prose, receive for once in rhymes.

A huge fat man in country fair,

Or city church, (no matter where)

Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,

Still bawling out extremely loud,

" Lord save us ! why do people press !"

Another, marking his distress,

Friendly replied ; " Plump gentleman,

Get out as fast as e'er you can ;

Or cease to push or to exclaim ;

You make the very crowd you blame".'

Says Dick, ' Your moral does not need

The least return, so e'en proceed :

Your tale, howe'er applied, was short :

So far, at least, I thank you for't.'

Mat took his thanks, and in a tone

More magisterial thus went on :

' Now Alma settles in the head,

As has before been sung or said :

And here begins this farce of life ;

Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife ;

Behold on both sides men advance,

To form in earnest Bays's dance.

L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles, that he has no more ;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year ;
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancied want to-morrow.
Abroad if the surtout you wear
Repels the rigour of the air,
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom ?
And if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather ?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut

Whence every string at first was cut ?

‘ When Rarus shows you his Cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you or he were born.

‘ Poor Vento's mind so much is cross'd,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.

‘ What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal, wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set !
'Tis found : and, O, his happy lot !
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot :
Of these no more you hear him speak ;
He now begins upon the Greek.
These ranged and show'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.

My copper lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought,
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought :
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.

' Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Georgy⁴ make a paper kite,
And simple odes, too many, show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools'—' That's brave indeed !
(Quoth Dick) such truths are worth receiving :'
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.

' Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes ;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature !
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting.
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise ;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain :
A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't :
Even a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain ;
Though flown, it ne'er looks back again :
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought :

⁴ The son of Mr. Richard Shelton.

Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.

‘ Dick, thus we act, and thus we are,
Or toss’d by hope or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain’d, he could not use;
And the’ other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e’er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that with extreme surprise
We find ourselves at sixty wise,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can’t accomplish one;
Whilst, as my system says, the Mind
Is to these upper rooms confined,
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow’d sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My poem would be too prolix:
For could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o’ Stiles or John o’ Nokes?
‘ As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella’s coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping;
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief;
Wearied of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state,

Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat,
Of Will did this, and Nan said that,
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature forced by time must make,
Through which she wings her destined way ;
Upward she soars, and down drops clay ;
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

‘ O Richard, till that day appears
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us playthings for our age ;
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk ;
Would she in friendship, peace, and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty ;
And should we both in this condition,
Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition ;
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play)
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this Town ;
I, fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete :
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleased with all we thought we wanted ;
Yet then, even then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :
Thy son, and his, ere that may die,
And time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known,
But spoiling all that thou hast done,

Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
‘Nay, may not time and death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my Coz Tom, or his Coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set their price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read their grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best as richest bound:
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh’d;
To turn the balance, Otho’s head
May be thrown in; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker’s kettle——
Tired with these thoughts’—‘Less tired than I,
(Quoth Dick) with your philosophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you;
And if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils, wet or dry.
Yet let the goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown,
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine champagne or muddled port.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?

And must we spectacles apply
To view what hurts our naked eye?
‘ Sir, if it be your wisdom’s aim,
To make me merrier than I am,
I’ll be all night at your devotion——
Come on, friend ; broach the pleasing notion ;
But if you would depress my thought,
Your system is not worth a groat——
‘ For Plato’s fancies what care I ?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say ?
E’en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley’s read.
‘ Dear Drift⁶, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight ;
Burn Mat’s Descartes and Aristotle :
Here, Jonathan, your master’s bottle.’

⁵ Humphrey Wanley, the learned librarian to Lord Oxford.

⁶ Adrian Drift, Esq. Mr. Prior’s secretary and executor.

THE
NUT-BROWN MAID¹.

A POEM.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

BE it right or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne;
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vaine,
 To love them wele; for never a dele
 They love a man againe:
 For lete a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne;
 Yet, yf a new do them pursue,
 Theyr furst trew lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 He is a banishyd man.

¹ Originally printed, without any denotation of its author, in a folio volume commonly called 'Arnold's Chronicle, or the Customs of London;' which Mr. Capell supposes to have appeared about 1521, and Mr. Herbert some years earlier. In the *Muses' Mercury* for June, 1707, it was conjectured to be near three hundred years old, and probably on that authority Prior confided: as Dr. Percy seems to conclude, it had the sanction of the learned Wanley. The persons represented are surmised to be the Earl of Westmorland's son, and a lady of equal quality.

I say not nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayde,
That woman's fayth is, as who saythe,
 All utterly decayed :
But, nevertheless, right good wytness
 In this case might be layde,
That they love trewe, and continew ;
 Record the Nut-brown Mayde ;
Which from her love (when her to prove
 He came to make his mone)
Wold not depart, for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

Than betweene us, lett us discusse,
 What was all the manere
Between them too : we wyl also
 Telle all the payne and fere,
That she was in. Now I begyn,
 So that ye me answeare :
Wherefore all ye, that present be,
 I pray ye give an eare.
MAN. I am the knyght ; I come by nyght
 As secret as I can,
Saying, alas ! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banishyd man.

WOM. And I your wylle for to fulfyll
 In this wyl not refuse ;
Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe,
 That men have an yll use,
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse ;
Therefore to you I answeare now,
 Alle women to excuse :—

Myn own hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, telle anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. It stondeth so; a dede is do,
Whereof grete harm shall growe;
My desteny is for to dye
A shamefull deth, I trowe,
Or elles to flee: the one must be,
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe, as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherefore adew, my owne hart trewe,
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. O Lord! what is this worldis blysse,
That chaungeth as the mone?
My somer's day, in lusty May,
Is derked before the none.
I here you saye, farewell: nay, nay,
We depart not so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye goe?
Alas! what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorrowe and care
Shulde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. I can beleve, it shall you greeve,
And somewhat you distrayne,
But aftyward, your paynes harde,
Within a day or tweyne,

Shall sone aslake ; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought ? for, to make thought
 Your labour were in vayne ;
And thus I do, and pray you too,
 As hertely as I can ;
For I muste to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde,
I shall be plaine to you againe,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyl goe,
 I woll not leve behynde :
Shall never be sayd the Nut-brown Mayd
 Was to her love unkynde.
Make you redy, for so am I,
 Although it were anone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

MAN. Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thinke, and say ;
Of yonge and olde, it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfyll,
 In grene wode you to play ;
And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me
 Be called an yll woman,
Yet wold I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I shuld be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtinge of my name :
For I wyll prove, that faythfull love
It is devoyd of shame ;
In your distress, and hevyness,
To parte wyth you, the same :
And sure all tho, that do not so,
Trewelovers are they none ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. I counceyle you, remember howe,
It is no mayden's lawe,
Nothing to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlawe :
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe ;
And, as a theef, thus must ye lyve,
Ever in drede and awe.
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe ;
Yet I had lever than
That I had to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. I think not nay ; but as ye say,
It is no mayden's lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on fote, to hunt and shote,
To gete us mete in store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more :

From whiche to part, it makith my heart
As colde as ony stone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. For an outlawe, this is the lawe,
That men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What socours coude ye finde?
Forsooth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
Shuld drawe for fere behynde.
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Full well knowe ye, that women be
But feble for to fyght:
No womanhede it is inded,
To be bold as a knyght:
Yet in suchie fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, wyth bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght;
And you to save, as women have
From dethe many one;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yet take good hede! for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeis,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne;

The colde, the hete : for drye, or wete,
We must lodge on the playne,
And us above, none other rofe,
But a brake bush, or twayne;
Whiche sone shulde greve you, I beleve ;
And ye wolde gladely than,
That I had to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Sythe I have here been partynere
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is :
Yet am I sure of one plesure,
And, shortely, it is this,
That where ye be, me seemeth, par-dy
I coude not fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone a-gone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf ye go thedyr, ye must consyder,
When ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shall no mete be for to gete,
Nor drink, bere, ale, ne wyne ;
Ne shetes clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne ;
None other house, but leves and bowes,
To kever your head and myne.
O myne hart swete, this evyll dyete
Shuld make you pale and wan ;
Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Among the wylde derè, such an archere
As men say that ye be,
We may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè :
And water clere of the ryvere
Shall be full swete to me,
With whiche in hele, I shal ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see ;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provyde anone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Lo! yet before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me ;
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the knee :
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes, yf nede be ;
And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I flee.
And yf ye wyll all this fulfyllè,
Do it shortely as ye can ;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede ;
Ty short my here, a bow to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my sweete mother, before all other,
For you have I most drede ;
But now, adue, I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lede.

All this make ye; now let us flee,
The day cometh fast upon;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell ye why;—
Your appetyte is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espie;
For lyke as ye have sayde to me,
In lykewyse hardely
Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, 'Sone hote, sone colde,'
And so is a woman;
Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Yf ye take hede, yt is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayd, and longe assayd,
Or I you loved par-dy;
And though that I of auncestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
A squyer of low degree;
And ever shall what so befall,
To dy therefore anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. A baron's chylde to be begylde,
It were a cursed dede:
To be felawe with an outlawe,
Almighty God forbede!

Yt better were, the pore squyere
Alone to forrest spede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my cursed dede,
Ye were betrayd. Wherefore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd;
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Then have ye me betrayd.
Remember ye wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
Your love, the Nut-browne Mayd,
Trust me truely, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Yf that ye went, ye shulde repent;
For in the forrest nowe
I have purveid me of a mayde,
Whom I love more than you:
Another fayrere, than ever ye were,
I dare it well avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe
Wyth other, as I trowe;
It were myne ese, to live in pese,
So wyll I, yf I can:
Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOM. Though in the wode I undirstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your:
And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
And curteis every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power.
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Yet wolde I be that one;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Myne own dere love, I see the prove,
That ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that for your truthe,
Ye shulde have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayd; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll not to the grene wode goe,
I am no banishyd man.

WOM. These tydings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shulde endure;
But it is often seene,
When men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordes on the splene:
Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,
And stele from me I wene.

Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN. Ye shall not nede further to drede;
I wyll not disparage
You, (God defend!) syth you descend
Of so great a lynage.
Nowe undyrstande, to Westmarlande,
Whiche is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge, and wyth a rynge,
By way of maryage,
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlyes son,
And not a banishyd man.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CHLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
 Careless of what the censuring world may say;
 Bright Chloe! object of my constant vow,
 Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow?
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
 And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?
 No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,
 Though since her youth three hundred years have
 roll'd :

At thy desire she shall again be raised,
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be praised.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love, and not be loved again;
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,

Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand :
And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,
O, fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse ;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse :
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, love, the just reward of verse.

As beauty's potent queen with every grace,
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face,
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame which faithful Henry felt ;
O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see ;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me :
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove :
But, oh ! with pity, long entreated, crown
My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lovest, oh ! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron lived,
Great gifts bestow'd and great respect received.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
And (all due honours faithfully discharged)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarged
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retired, and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast :
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
His age's comfort and his fortune's heir :
They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name ;
The name the indulgent father doubly loved ;
For in the child the mother's charms improved :
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid ;
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please who imitate their lord)
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the lands were known,
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her charms increased,
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair !
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
They came ; they saw ; they marvell'd ; and they
loved.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And graced their choicest songs with Emma's name.

In vain they combated, in vain they wrif,
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit :
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of the attempts of force and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one ;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown,
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame,
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes.
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast ;
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
And shows the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
Pleased in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks ;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks :
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practised to rise and stoop at her commands :
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.

Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger
Or to admire or emulate his song; [throng,
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise:
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants,
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguiled;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child:
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply,
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserved for her.

Now oft had Henry changed his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love;
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)

Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Received his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smiled, by kind occasion bless'd,
And with the secret kept the love increased,
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is beloved again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are ruled by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds:
Another love may gain her easy youth;
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste,
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes raised, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love:
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power:

But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If poised aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail,
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declared.
As active Spring awaked her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree; and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleased with his conquest, with her present
crown'd,

Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown,
The gift still praised, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life, depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note received,
The remnant of the day, alone, she grieved;
For different this from every former note
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her
power,

And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanced: the house in sleep were
laid,

The nurse experienced, and the prying maid;
And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt;
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forced delay:
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain;
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears, suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair: adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break:

Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HEN. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded and now bless'd his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey ?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd ?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms ;
And only as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas ! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace ;
For, lo ! these hands in murder are imbrued,
These trembling feet by Justice are pursued :
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away ;
A shameful death attends my longer stay ;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA. What is our bliss, that changeth with the
moon,

And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon ?
What is true passion, if unblest'd it dies ?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies ?

If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolved, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HEN. Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous
way,
And take good heed what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin-honour once, is always, stain'd:
Timely advised, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done:
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame:
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love, [rove.
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to

EMMA. Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young or the ill-natured old ;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse ;
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice, vanquish'd, heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
O ! let my presence make thy travels light,
And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of censorious Fame ;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou wield the sword, and bend
the bow ?

With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail ;
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale,
With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety, by thy love betray'd ;
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharged, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly ;
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove

EMMA. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew :
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear ;

Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not Love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor-arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou
bleed,

To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
hair;

Bless'd when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou
sustain

Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star and the bleak north-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try

(Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where Ease and Plenty brooding sat ?
Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must
mourn ;

That gate for ever barr'd to thy return ;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove ?

EMMA. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determined to recede ;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar ?
No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied
Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide,
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The caves with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return :
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food :
With humble duty and officious haste
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring :
And when at night, with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,

Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care ;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart ; and, grateful, let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HEN. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's
care

Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids, with various ribbon bound ;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less ;
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
The' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropp'd off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth ; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side ;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eyesight free ;
And with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care :
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends ; a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplined to kill ;
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back ;
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey ;
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :
By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heaven
No middle object to thy choice is given :
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove.

EMMA. O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates ;

Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
By her own choice free Virtue is approved,
Nor by the force of outward objects moved ;
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise :
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat ;
In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat :
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress'd,
Condemn'd them, or absolved them, by thy test :
In comely figure ranged, my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed, for thee alone :
For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
O line extreme of human infamy !
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair :
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face :
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast :
Lest, by my look or colour, be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;

Lost to the world, let me to him be known ;
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HEN. O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind ;
Even honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so ?
Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex :
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake, but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st
to rove.

EMMA. Are there not poisons, racks, and flames,
and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's
fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ?
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blamed the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid ?

Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day or secret night.

Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclined to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone?

HEN. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
Each man is man, and all our sex is one:
False are our words, and fickle is our mind;
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe and draw the bow;
When fired with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear:
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gavest, again receive,
The only boon departing Love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new:
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge
our case;

I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty. Bless'd vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
With present power compels me to her arms;
And much I fear from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her:
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
Cupid, averse, rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love,
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to
rove.

EMMA. Are we in life through one great error
led?

Is each man perjured, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curs'd?
Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,

Here let me follow ; her let me attend,
A servant ; (she may scorn the name of friend)
What she demands incessant I'll prepare ;
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair :
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there, at least, I may approach my lord)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
Her servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,
And decent emblem ; and, at least, persuade
This happy nymph that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou, cruel as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear,
To her whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known
That, of mankind, she loved but thee alone.

HEN. Hear, solemn Jove, and, conscious Venus,
hear ;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear ;

No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-placed basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe;
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjured knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl; him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows,
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
thought

To greatness next to empire: shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait:
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day,
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn:
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age, unheeded by delight, come on,

While yet superior love shall mock his power ;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love ;
Scatter'd by winds recede, and in wild forests rove.

EMMA. O day ! the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O ! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?
None, none there is : the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands,
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace ;
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone ;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And, unconcern'd, return the goods she lent.

Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior
powers,

Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require ;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd ;
Loaded and bless'd with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life, subservient only to thy joy ;
And at my death, to bless thy kindness, shown
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd ;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings, and low they
bow'd.

They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts a precious store,
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipp'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,
Approved the little labour of the Loves ;
Was proud and pleased the mutual vow to hear,
And to the triumph call'd the god of war :
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

‘ Now, Mars, (she said) let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice ;
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to
yield ;

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump
again,

To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign ;
To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils ;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his
hand—

Let her at least perform what I desire ;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are pass'd ;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove ;
And Emma-like let me return thy love.

‘ Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear ;
And constant Beauty shall reward their care.’

Mars smiled, and bow'd : the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;

‘ And thou, (she smiling said) great god of days
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise :
 As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
 Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
 From every annual course let one great day,
 To celebrated sports and floral play,
 Be set aside ; and in the softest lays
 Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
 And everlasting marks of honour paid,
 To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.’

 ON

THE MARRIAGE

OF GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK AND THE LADY ANNE¹.

1683.

CONJUNCTUM Veneri Martem, Danosque Bri-
 Dum canit altisonis docta caterva modis, [tannis
 Affero sincerum culto pro carmine votum,
 Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.
 Vivant Ambo diu, vivant feliciter, opto ;
 Diligat hic Sponsam, diligat illa Virum,

¹ From the ‘ Hymenæus Cantabrigiæ. Cantabrigiæ, 1683.’ This copy, notwithstanding the signature, is beyond a doubt the property of the facetious Mat Prior. The distant imitation of Martial’s admirable lines on the *Happy Married Pair*—or rather the *allusion* to that excellent little piece (for it can hardly be called an *imitation* of it) shows the *taste* of a *master* at the *years* of a *boy*, and is not unworthy the *name* or the *fame* of Prior.

Junctos perpetuâ teneas, Hymenæe, catenâ;
Junctos, Juno, die protege; nocte, Venus!
Exultent simili felices prole Parentes,
Ut petat hinc multos natio bina duces!
Cumque senes pariter cupiant valedicere terris,
Nè mors augustum dividat atra jugum:
Sed qualis raptum transvexit currus Elijam,
Transvehat ad superas talis utrumque domos!

A. PRIOR, *Coll. Div. Joh. Alumn.*

END OF VOL. XXVI.



C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.







